

The Round Table.

A Saturday Review of Literature, Society, and Art.

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1867.

REPRESENTATION OF MINORITIES.

THE wrong of the majority in a community exerting absolute power over all the rest demands, in this country, an early remedy. We agree with *The Springfield Republican*, that our government is not, in theory, a pure democracy; but has it not, in practice, degenerated into that? The first election of Mr. Lincoln is the strongest instance in our history to prove that the government was not meant to be a government of the numerical majority. For by the lawful processes of the Constitution, so regular that not a doubt could rest upon his title, he was chosen President notwithstanding the express dissent of three-fifths of the people. This, our most marked instance of the kind, is only six years old. Yet to-day the numerical majority is absolute in Washington. When we speak of the majority, we, of course, do not count the people of the ten Southern States. Those states are practically no part of the government; they are, for the present, mere dependencies. The majority of those who are admitted to vote have possessed themselves, notwithstanding the checks of the Constitution, of absolute power. The machinery provided to limit power fails to work. The presidential veto is null. The equal representation of small and large states in the Senate is turned from its true purpose into a means for promoting, instead of checking, the uncontrolled power of the popular majority. New states, not yet entitled by population to one representative in the lower House, are admitted into the Union avowedly because their senators will nullify the votes of an equal number of the few in the upper House who speak for the minority of the people. The highest court of justice, on which, as in all limited governments, we rely chiefly to protect the weak against the powerful, is said to be terrified into silence. It spoke out once in behalf of men who had been unlawfully condemned to death and who were suffering unlawful bondage. The possessors of power made loud threats, and it is now given out that the judges, like frightened schoolboys, have promised to do so no more. The court, it is said, will avoid political questions. It will decide the title to a piece of ground or to a bag of dollars, but a man's title to his freedom or his life is a question of political rights and must be adjourned to a more convenient season. Whether this be so or not, the congressional majority frame their laws so as to hinder, if possible, appeals to the court, and are not ashamed to avow such to be their aim.

The notion that the majority shall govern absolutely amounts to this: that, in a body of three thousand men, fifteen hundred and one may make slaves of fourteen hundred and ninety-nine; in other words, one half the community may have no rights in what is called a free government. The majority among the people by which the majority of the last and present Congress was chosen numbered little more than half the votes cast. Yet the result by our present machinery is that the minority of the people, being not much less in numbers than the majority, have practically no voice in the deliberations of Congress, not even voice enough to insist that deliberation shall be had. If the minority were represented in proportion to its actual numbers among the people, the majority would still govern, but would be forced to govern wisely, not recklessly. No matter what party may be in power, it is best for the people that the wholesome restraint of the minority should be always felt in full force. So, at our last state election, the winning and the defeated party were very nearly equal in numbers, but the state Legislature presents very different proportions. The majority in the representative body is much larger than in the constituency, and so wields more power than belongs to it.

How to secure representation to minorities in pro-

portion to their actual strength in the community is a question to which able thinkers in the old world have given valuable attention. Among us the absolutism of majorities has become so oppressive an evil that an early remedy is necessary to preserve personal rights and good government. Those now in power may soon, in the mutation of politics, be themselves the oppressed. Mr. Hare's plan has been long before the world, and has, we believe, been put into practice in Denmark in a slightly modified form. The Danish method and Mr. Hare's both propose that every voter shall express a first choice and a second choice and a third, or any number of successive preferences which he may choose to record on his ballot. The voter, in fact, writes in brief form this: I vote for Mr. A.; but if Mr. A. has votes enough to elect him without counting mine, then I vote for Mr. B., and so on. The ballots are to be recorded with all their successive preferences and the result sent up to the central registrars of election, answering to our state canvassers. This body assigns the votes in such way that Mr. A. takes only so many as are necessary to his election, the surplus being carried to the benefit of the voter's second choice, and so on. Of course every vote tells; every voter is sure to have a representative in Parliament, either his first or his later choice. Every member returned represents a unanimous constituency. No votes are wasted, and the representative body is a daguerreotype of the community. The minority appear in Parliament in the same strength as they are found among the people. Mr. Hare's plan, of course, contemplates the right of an elector to vote for a candidate residing out of his own district, so that a hopeless minority in one district may combine with any other hopeless minority and make up votes enough to elect a member for themselves. Under this method, Gerrit Smith or any other abolitionist could have been chosen to our Assembly forty years ago, although in every district in the state abolitionists were so few as to be utterly ignored by party leaders.

This plan seems to us to be too complex for our habits. The figuring assigned to the canvassers is also open to objection. But in a much simpler form Mr. Hare's suggestions might be adopted by us and effect substantially the reform he contemplates. Mr. Hare sets out with the proposition that Parliament is to consist of six hundred and fifty-four members. This he makes a fixed sum in his calculations, and dividing the whole voting constituency by this number, finds the quota of votes for a member. There is no need of the number of representatives being a fixed quantity. If our coming convention should decide that the Assembly is to be enlarged, say, to three hundred members, it is only necessary that the number should be about three hundred. Ten or fifteen more or less would not affect the usefulness of the representative body. If we have one year an Assembly of three hundred members and another year one of two hundred and ninety, the community in either case would be sufficiently represented. Fixing the number at about three hundred and taking our voting constituency at seven hundred and fifty thousand, we should have a quota of twenty-five hundred votes to a member. Why not simply provide that every man who receives twenty-five hundred votes shall be a member of the Assembly? Let every citizen vote for only one candidate and be at liberty to vote for any one in any part of the state. If the aggregate of votes cast at any election should be less than usual, no harm would result; we should merely have, for that year, a few less members in the Assembly; if the vote was larger than usual, a few more. In this way any twenty-five hundred men, scattered over the state but united by their views of public questions, could, by combining, secure their own representative in the public councils. If the merchants want a certain man to go to the Legislature, twenty-five hundred of them could unite to send him. If the mechanics wanted a champion there, they could send their man or two, and no thanks to any one but themselves. So of real-estate owners. There need be no trading or selling out of this or that special interest. Religious and irreligious, liquor-dealers and temperance men, Irish and German, every interest that wanted to be specially represented could appear, if it chose to do so, in the representative body in the pre-

cise strength of its numbers in the community. If the professional thieves of this city chose to send their special representative, no harm in that. He might tell us how and why they became thieves, and perhaps help us to a reform better than imprisonment. An honest thief—one who takes the chance of the state prison—would improve the tone of the representative body. It is evident that under this system able men would find their way into the representative body without the degrading aid of traders in votes; for a subscription of twenty-five hundred names would secure an election. All opinions and all classes could have their champions and defenders in the public councils, wielding therein just as much power as is due to their numbers in the community. At first there might be some throwing away of votes by concentration upon distinguished favorites, but the people would soon learn how to avoid such waste of strength. The state Senate might be chosen in the same way. If thirty-two be about the right number and, with a four years' term, eight are to be chosen every year, let every candidate be returned who polls ninety thousand votes. If some years we had only thirty-one senators, no matter. To municipal governments the same mode of voting could be applied. Of course the executive must continue to be the chosen one of the majority; but in deliberative bodies we could by this method secure a full representation of minorities, and a much larger infusion of able men. Every voter could thus make his vote tell, and consequently every one would be willing to vote. If you know that your neighbors of the corner-grocery are going to swamp your single ballot, you pass them by contemptuously and vote for some man in another district who is beyond their reach. The Republican minority in this city could secure their own representation in the Legislature; the Democratic minority in St. Lawrence county could do the same. This would be far better than to have the two ends of the state solidly pitted against each other, as now. Such a mode of voting would emancipate us from nominating conventions and baffle the petty traders in politics. Party organizations would still exist and party nominations be made, but in making nominations the chances of the candidate catching votes in other districts would have to be considered, and so men of wider and better repute would be selected.

THE RUSSIAN TREATY.

WE trust the Senate will reject the Russian treaty. Why, with too much land and too little money, we should augment the former at the expense of the latter it would puzzle Cocker to tell. The witty suggestion of a contemporary that Russia is selling us a sucked orange has in it more of truth than poetry. It is easy to see why Russia should be willing for a round sum to part with that which is of no use to herself, and why she should prefer to see it in the hands of a probably friendly maritime power when the time comes for the inevitable renewal of her struggle for Constantinople against the European western powers. It is not easy to see—except on Mrs. Toodles's principle of the purchase being handy to have in the house—why we should be at great expense to acquire what can certainly be of no present advantage and may possibly prove a very considerable future encumbrance. England has shown us the immense cost and doubtful gain of distant, outlying dependencies, and, even if we contemplated a monopoly of Russian-American markets through the exploded machinery of protection, there is no population there to consume or to be fleeced. Naval stations in the North Pacific we are amply provided with, and there will be abundant use for our surplus cash in fortifying the harbors of California and Oregon for twenty years to come.

The few desirable products of the territory in question have either been to a great extent exhausted by the Russians or can be more cheaply obtained nearer home. The area offered in point of square miles is certainly imposing; but so is that which surrounds the north pole; there is about as much use in possessing ourselves of the one as the other. To hold the continental junction of an Asiatic line of telegraph is cited as an inducement; but a line will soon be carried to the Sandwich Islands and thence to China,

which will be in civilized hands at both ends, and which will not have to cross the wilds of Siberia or the steppes of Tartary to connect us with Europe. Neither end of the Atlantic cable touches our own soil, and the circumstance makes little or no practical difference. If we have seven millions of gold dollars to spare, we had much better accelerate by its investment the completion of the Pacific Railway than throw it away on icebergs and stray seals in the Arctic zone. To compare the proposed acquisition to that of Louisiana is the merest nonsense. The mouth of the greatest American river, the key of the Gulf, the richest valley in the world, were undoubtedly worth all we paid for them; for a long time to come, at least, the dreary, frost-bound, and sterile regions which are frowned upon by Mount St. Elias would be dear at any price.

If it be necessary, or in any sense desirable, to purchase outlying dependencies, let us at all events make more sagacious selections. We need, as we have said, no naval stations in the North Pacific; but our position would certainly be the better for acquiring one in the South Pacific. Could we buy from Chili the island of Juan Fernandez—and there is small doubt it could be managed—we should get something worth having. Juan Fernandez is destined to be one of the most important points in the world, and could easily be made as strong as Gibraltar. Three degrees from the coast, some twenty north and west of Cape Horn, about the size of Staten Island, from its topographical formation susceptible of being made prodigiously strong, and the only spot which lies well in the course of vessels going north from the cape or coming south to it, Juan Fernandez is the place of all others in the Pacific Ocean for the United States to secure, and to erect into a magnificent naval station. Port Cumberland, the only harbor, could be made quite impregnable to any attacking force; and there are already huge casemates in the surrounding hills, which were chiefly cut by convicts formerly sent thither by the Chilean Government. A treaty of alliance which should include the protection of Chili from future Spanish or other aggression would probably go far with the people of that country towards overcoming their natural reluctance to part with so important a point; and a strong force of iron-clads kept at the island would provide the means for carrying the provision, upon occasion, into effect. We advocate the purchase of Juan Fernandez, if anything, and the courteous refusal of the Russian white elephant. Such an acquisition would yield us incontestable advantages which are patent to all, and could be had, no doubt, for a tenth of the money.

UNCONSCIOUS HYPOCRITES.

CAN there be such a thing as unconscious hypocrisy? At first sight it seems a mere contradiction in terms, but reflection will show that such a thing not only may be, but that it is one of the most common things encountered in daily life. Unconscious hypocrisy is paradoxical, but assuredly not impossible; indeed, if all hypocrisy were directly conscious, so that it would have to hold out those signs and flags which protect us by begetting suspicion, the world would be much pleasanter to live in than it is. To get at our theory, let us consider for a moment one of the most common and offensive forms of the vice, namely, the hypocrisy of religion. We all know certain people who are continually turning up the whites of their eyes and affecting to be a little more moral, a little more conscientious, and a little more faithful to Christianity, than are the majority of their fellow-men. In youth, we are very apt to be imposed upon by such pretensions, and imposed upon to our cost; for it is so usual as almost to constitute an axiom that such "unco gude" people are the very ones who are hardest in driving bargains and least scrupulous of misrepresentation when it may aid them in carrying a point. It is not prejudice which makes wise men chary of their confidence when dealing with folk of this stamp, but legitimate caution fairly bought by experience. It is found in the journey through life that those who affect to possess an unusual share of religious, or perhaps we should say of theological, conviction are exceedingly apt practically to assume that the interests of others should give way to their own. They are the elect, the salt

of the earth, and their reward, they very obviously intend, shall not be exclusively a heavenly one. Now, the state of mind of most such persons is, to our thinking, exactly that of unconscious hypocrisy. They are not all Mawworms and Cantwells. The notion of deceit is by no means ever present to their minds, for the very reason that self-deceit shuts out the idea. Their pretension has grown by habit to be second nature; and this is the secret of their curious but common practice of asserting and honestly believing in their own moral superiority at the very moment that they are crowding and overreaching their less gifted fellow-beings.

Such people are unconscious hypocrites. They have contemplated their own ideal selves until, like Narcissus, their intoxication is complete, and all true self-examination is precluded by the intensity of their devotion to an unreal image. All other exterior individualities seem to them ugly and unimportant in comparison; such others have, in their view, few or no claims which they are bound to respect. Hence come the greed, the intolerance, and the self-seeking which have ever been, and which still are, a reproach to a certain portion of the professors of Christianity. The Pharisee finds too much unrequited good in himself to think much of rewards or even of equitable treatment for those without the pale; and to spoil the heathen is in his eyes as acceptable to the Deity as it is comfortable and satisfactory to himself. Delusion like this is not new. It is as old as time itself. But it is undeniable that certain dogmas of comparatively modern growth are peculiarly favorable to its spread and countenance. The lash of the satirist falls upon it at times with a severity which is keenly felt; and a great deal of the hatred which is expressed for the stage rests less upon moral grounds than upon the ridicule for which it has been the vehicle in exciting the laughter of mankind at religious hypocrisy. The ridicule has been felt to be unjust—as ridicule always is by its objects when they are unconscious of the true absurdity of their position—and it is unjust to the extent to which it assumes that the berated hypocrisy is entirely conscious, and therefore entirely flagrant and unmitigated.

But the unconscious hypocrites are not alone the religious ones; and although that particular class excites a frequent and sometimes a vulgar and exaggerated prejudice, there are others for which there is even less excuse, and who may, therefore, deserve a severer condemnation. The notion of fidelity to the Creator and to what are believed to be His commands is intrinsically one which should command our reverence and esteem; and if confused ideas of what is relatively due to self and humanity occasionally are found in minds professing such fidelity, the primary conception is essentially a virtuous one. Now, there are those who pique themselves on not being religious hypocrites, but who are, nevertheless, hypocrites, conscious or unconscious, of a much less amiable sort. Take, for instance, those who affect a character for generosity. There are men—and in a trading community far too many men—who, selfish and grasping to the core, are continually trying to impress the world with a belief in their innate magnanimity and liberality of spirit. They tell you in a careless way of what they give in charity, the verification being commonly obscure. They frequently make promises or suggest arrangements of a very liberal sound, and then retreat for specious reasons from the performance. They seek to obtain credit for noble and attractive qualities in a manner in advance, hoping to evade censure when their inherent baseness of soul shall lead them to retreat from fairly earning it in the sequel. Their talk is always lavish, almost princely, and they are grieved and mortified to find their claim to a generous reputation disallowed, and themselves, as time wears on, left friendless and despised by all whose friendship is worth caring for or whose respect is valuable. They are astonished, after having said so many generous things, that the world refuses to give them credit for having done them. Such men, also, are unconscious hypocrites. They have deluded themselves by habit into the belief that they really are what they know it would be noble to be; and they loath mankind at last as the authors of a misanthropy which has all its roots in the contemptible littleness of their own natures.

Most kinds of hypocrisy have their origin, or course, in an exaggerated self-esteem, the kinds which are unconscious becoming so through the fatal tyranny of habit. Thus, it would be difficult to find among even the most corrupt of demagogues one who has not, after a certain time, deluded himself into the conviction that he is a patriot. It would be difficult to find among the parents of spoiled children any who have not brought themselves to believe that their own morbid self-love is, in truth, a high development of parental self-abnegation and a lively appreciation of parental responsibility. The incorrigible flirt learns in time to solace herself over the spectacle of wounded hearts by the reflection that to her innocent charms is due the ruin her volition would have gladly spared. The politician or journalist withholds the praise which belongs to his rival, and attributes his reserve to a lofty regard for correct principles and to an unselfish love for the people. The theologian spits fire and wormwood at his adversaries, and comforts himself by the persuasion that it is for the glory of God. All these are hypocrites, but, after the freshness of youth is passed, they chiefly become unconscious ones. In fact, most of us either are, or are in danger of becoming, unconscious hypocrites. Even the hypocrisy which, with lucid and generous intellects, sometimes appears in depreciation of their own work, which they know to be good and praiseworthy, is but a more amiable form, and is in danger, like the others, of becoming chronic and unconscious. There is a remedy for this pervading disease, and only one; but, happily, it lies within the reach of all, and may be had by diligent seeking. Characters differ, of course, and protracted distortion is only to be set right by commensurate exertion and patient perseverance. Hypocrisy is but another name for falsehood, and the cure is found in its legitimate antithesis. No homœopathic treatment, however, will answer here, and *similia similibus curantur* bears no application to the evils of the soul. The most generous use of the remedy is needful; and, fortunately, the supply will for ever equal the demand. That remedy—happily, also, the sovereign panacea for every other moral ailment of our race—is open to every member of it, and is found in an earnest and absolute appreciation of the dignity, the simplicity, and the sweetness of TRUTH.

THE POSITION OF EDITORS.

AN interesting and full-fledged article on the *Leading Political Editors of Washington* affords *The National Intelligencer* an opportunity to contrast the estimation placed upon editors in past and present times by other prominent publicists. "Such men," says *The Intelligencer*, "as James Buchanan, Robert J. Walker, William L. Marcy, and George Bancroft, leading members of the great cabinet of Mr. Polk, unlike some of our present political functionaries, read newspapers and esteemed the editorial fraternity." We cannot help thinking that in the main the esteem in which editors are held, either in Washington or out of it, depends upon themselves and not upon people, however eminent, who are exterior to the profession. The editorial calling is second in importance and dignity to no other practised in this country; and a respectable editor is surely any day the superior of a trading politician. When our brethren of the press will once, and in combination, awaken to a just sense of the elevation, the influence, and the responsibility of their functions; when they cease to truckle to politicians, however influential, and make these men feel that they cannot control the press in the interest of corruption; when they resolutely determine to speak truth without fear or favor about the existing abuses of our system, whether in common councils, state assemblies, or national legislatures; then, and not till then, will the profession of the journalist rise to its true level and command the respect to which it is intrinsically entitled.

The press of this country has a magnificent future before it. No other power can accomplish its work or fill its niche. There have been some circumstances and some men, unfortunately, whose tendency and personal character have lowered the position and impaired the influence of American newspapers. News, indeed, has been thought too much of, and the editorial comment which accompanies it has been re-

garded too little. The public has learned to attach little importance to the editorial expression of opinion because the editors have fallen into the habit of attaching too little importance to it themselves. A crude and hasty manner of writing—producing articles which will bear no analysis and whose single aim is to subserve a party interest—has thus become common, very much to the prejudice of the highest purpose and truest interest of the journals themselves. The suspicion, too, that newspapers are managed with a view to the political advancement of individuals, rather than for the edification of the public, inevitably weakens influence and, ultimately, brings contempt. Self-respect is as potential with newspapers as it is with individuals in commanding the respect of others and in keeping it when got. It is of unspeakable consequence to the future of this country that its professed journalists should be men of pure life, of wide attainments, of unequivocal patriotism. The congressional standards, and, indeed, those of popular representation altogether, are falling lower and lower year by year; and if the press cannot take a higher stand than it has done, we know not to what the people are to look for criticism of things bad, encouragement of things good, or for the germs of regeneration.

MR. MARETZKE'S PHILIPPIC.

MR. MAX MARETZKE has made the mistake that many strategists have made before him of defending a position of no particular value by a flank attack at once superfluous and ridiculous. His method of assault is very like that of Don Quixote versus the windmill, and is likely to be equally fruitful of important consequences. That Mr. Maretzek should not advertise in *The Herald* is perfectly intelligible, entirely defensible, his own business and no one else's; but that he should exploit his policy in ill-written, coarsely expressed, and ungallant letters to the newspapers, is a public affair which we have a right to criticize and to call in question. The cultivated classes whom Mr. Maretzek chiefly desires to make his friends will not, he may rest assured, be propitiated by a course which is repugnant to their taste and opposed to all their ideas of decorum. The community pretty well understand who and what Mr. Bennett is, and scarcely require the assistance of an operative manager to assist them in forming their judgment. Besides this, a decided objection to Mr. Maretzek's printed letters consists in the fact that he does not know how to write them. There may be those who could among the Managers' Association, but he is not of the number. The manner is disagreeable; and if the matter were much more damnnatory and conclusive than in fact it is, its setting would prejudice us against the entire gem. The writer pleads justification and provocation, but of this, the facts being open to all, the public is entirely competent to judge; and, when gross epithets are bandied about and hard charges made, the suggestive apothegm about pots and kettles rises in the mind and leads us to the conclusion that blame cannot all be on one side.

Whatever may be said—and there are, of course, strong partisans on either side in so momentous a contest—most intelligent people will agree that Mr. Maretzek might have fought his battle without bringing in question the name and character of a lady. This is a palpable blunder, to call it by no worse name, and one which is never committed without reacting unpleasantly upon the offender. Mr. Wikoff is, perhaps, fair game, and as a male ally of his enemy legitimately open to the angry manager's attack; but the gentler sex is exempted from participation or retaliation in all civilized warfare, and Mr. Maretzek's apparent ignorance of the fact is seriously damaging to his cause, while it does not suggest any acceptable excuse. The burden of his expletory song is that *The Herald* has no influence and that, consequently, it is entirely beneath his notice; but if he is really sincere, why does he extend to the journal and its proprietor such lavish and extended attention? And why—unless with the friendly view to rescue it from putative obscurity—does he so persistently advertise the paper on the *offices* of the opera house? There is manifest inconsistency here which might readily be overlooked—there is plenty of inconsistency in the world which does no particular harm—but not when it extends to violating the decencies of private life and to dragging a lady into an offensive controversy with which she cannot by any logic be shown to have anything to do.

Mr. Maretzek, no doubt, considers, as regards his late pronouncement, that, the allegations which it contains being true, they ought to be said, and that, at least, any one for whom the recital can gain any advantage has a

right to say them. But his allegations are not sufficiently fortified to justify such an assumption; and so far as his great point is concerned—namely, that Mr. Wikoff, his defender, as "A Subscriber," in *The New York Times*, was also, many years ago, the assailant of Mr. Bennett, in *The Republic*—it is altogether untenable and absurd. That a man who has little knowledge of another may think ill of him, and on a subsequent and intimate acquaintance may rescind his former bad opinion, is an every-day occurrence, of which Mr. Maretzek, without being a consummate master of English prose, might readily have been conversant. Mr. Wikoff, as is well known, is a gentleman of very nice sensibilities; and nothing is more certain than that his friendship for Mr. Bennett would not be what it is had he not become convinced that his former injurious suppositions were unfounded or exaggerated. Artists, and all who come within their sphere in business relations, are prone to be excessively sensitive, suspicious, and hasty to resent supposed as well as real injuries; and although we do not imagine that the management of New York Journals has been in past times and in such matters altogether impeccable, our experience leads us to believe that their shortcomings in this direction have been greatly exaggerated.

The public cares very little for what either Mr. Bennett or Mr. Maretzek did twenty years ago; but they are very ready to take a warm interest in, and to praise or to censure, what those gentlemen do now. It may be urged that the criticisms of *The Herald* upon the opera have been unreasonably captious and severe, and that their animus—the withdrawal of the advertisements—is an unworthy and reprehensible one. Of this the public can judge for itself. Advertisements and proscenium boxes are of individual interest; the qualities of popular entertainments of general. When *The Herald* says that the present opera company is second-rate, and that the New York audience has now a right to expect something better than Mr. Maretzek this season has given, *The Herald* says what is quite true; and whether it receives advertisements and proscenium boxes or not it is not the less true. If honest criticism is only gained by withholding advertisements and proscenium boxes the public and art will alike be the gainers; and both in this sense should be very much obliged to Mr. Maretzek for a devotion which if temporarily a sacrifice will bring forth permanent blessing. We recommend that gentlemen to cease trying to write scorching letters, at which he is a very bad hand, and to devote his entire energies to operative management, at which he is a very good one. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Mr. Bennett has wisely never tried management, although we believe Mr. Wikoff has; very likely had he done so he might have cut as sorry a figure as does Mr. Maretzek in his latest published letter, which for his own sake as well as for that of the public we earnestly hope will be his last one.

THE REGATTA AT PARIS.

THE hope we expressed two months ago that American colleges would be represented in the rowing match at Paris next July has this much likelihood of fulfilment—that a committee of ex-Harvard oarsmen, after a consultation with others from Yale and elsewhere, announce themselves ready to supply an eight-oar crew in case they shall be provided with means to send them abroad in a creditable manner. About the latter requirement there should be no difficulty, nor need any of the obstacles that may arise prove final. Of course there will be discouragement from those who hold that by no possibility can American crews win laurels at Paris, and that the expedition is therefore inexpedient. There are also several formidable difficulties, chief among them the selection of July for the race, which, in view of the season, the necessary loss of time in preparation, and the sea voyage, will leave the crews less time for training than they should have. In this, as in prestige and other matters, the English and the French crews will have greatly the advantage; but we cannot see that for this reason the race ought to be abandoned.

It is idle, however, to disguise that an immediate boating revival must take place if we are to appear in Paris with any credit. Our colleges seem by no means alive to the importance of the occasion. At Yale, as we are sorry to learn from the testimony of its *Courant*, such apathy prevails on the subject of boating as to occasion serious apprehensions for the honor of the college in the summer races. Even the Boston committee seem to contemplate nothing more than recruiting a single crew from oarsmen of Yale and Harvard and others not from colleges. Such a decision we should regard as very unfortunate. The most formidable champions who will appear on the Seine will undoubtedly be the boats from Oxford and Cambridge, and it would be but a shabby way of meeting them to select eight oars from the entire country to pit

against them. The credit of our colleges demands either that Harvard and Yale should each send a boat of its own, or that they have nothing to do with it. If outsiders choose to go, let them do so by all means; but our college crews should either contend for the honor of Alma Mater or not at all.

We are not of those who would hold aloof from any international regatta until we are as nearly as may be certain of victory. Above all, we dissent from the counsels urged by *The Tribune* and others, that our defeat at present would be unavoidable, that it is folly to think of entering regattas, and that "money raised for such a purpose will be worse than wasted." We are perfectly aware that American rowing is in its infancy, and that in a Paris race locality and climate would be in our adversaries' favor. Here, however, we should remember the success of our countrymen in China. The English oarsmen in Shanghai were to the Americans as six to one, and the temerity of the Yankees in daring to challenge them was the theme of constant newspaper ridicule, until our crew so distanced their rivals that the English captain drew off the course. But we are not to be understood as denying that defeat is among the possibilities, or even that it is, to say the least, quite as probable as victory. Defeat is not necessarily disgrace, but timid reluctance to enter contests unless with the certainty of victory would be something very like it, and it would be very much unlike the qualities which have made the American character what it is. Besides, next to a victory, nothing could give a stronger impulse to college boating than a defeat at Paris. The satisfaction of winning would be very great, doubtless, but it were better to have pulled and lost than never to have pulled at all. So we hope that the present committee, or the commanders of the college navies, or whoever else may have the matter in charge, will examine what material they have to work with, and, if they find that Yale and Harvard can each muster crews among their alumni equal to those which of late years they have sent to the Worcester lake with the unpronounceable name, that they will have no hesitation in entering them. Crews, trainers, and boats ought very soon to be on their way to commence their training on the spot, and we hope no time will be lost in getting them off.

SPRING FASHIONS.

THERE is something truly invigorating in the idea of seeing at last green fields and blue skies. The leaden weight which had so long been pressing us down—the burden of sad grey days and tempestuous nights, of sleety atmosphere and grinding cold—when suddenly removed, as in the last ten days it has been, leaves us as light and elastic as children, and quite as impressive to outward objects. It is quite evident that the singularity of the unlamented winter whose thralldom we have just escaped was due to no local causes. In England the season has been equally protracted and severe as with ourselves, and we get from the European continent similar complaints. Whether the meteoric showers are properly to be credited for this exceptional inclemency we know not; but if such be indeed the case, it is fortunate for us that their visits are limited, and that each generation is only called upon once to endure the inflection.

Those who rail against fashion have now a very fair chance to put their sincerity to a crucial test. If they do not long to see the ladies in the bright and delicate hues of spring; if they do not yearn to see them unpacked from their furs and rugs and horse-cloth attire generally, and to blush forth in the summery muslins and gauzes which harmonize with the flowers, then indeed is their dislike for fashion genuine and consistent, and they have a substantial right to rail at it. For our own part, the sight of comely, graceful girls—aye, and their mothers, too, for that matter—in their first spring dresses is one of the most delightful imaginable. Association, without doubt, has something to do with it. We connect the banishment of winter with the insignia of spring, and the idea is an inspiring and joyous one. Winter with his icy breath and pale white tresses cannot, we feel, return to chill the atmosphere which the radiant colors, the sunshiny draperies of the ladies have filled with warmth and gaiety. He is gone never to return; and somehow the new frocks and bonnets are instinctively credited in our minds with a share in the deliverance.

The truth is, the seasons are beautifully as well as appropriately marked by these changes in feminine dress, which give an air of novelty and renovation, and forestall the monotony which might sometimes grow wearisome. In those countries where, from the equability of the climate, costume is substantially unchanged the year round, it is a curious fact that the women are notoriously less

neat and cleanly than elsewhere. They tire of the sameness of their dress, and men tire of it too; and the love of excitement and variety which finds in more temperate climes a safety-valve, as it were, in dress, leads, nearer the equator, to habits less innocent. Variety in dress is natural, seemly, and attractive in the sex, and, kept within rational bounds, we do not think that indulging in it is at all likely to be mischievous. More girls go astray for being needlessly deprived of reasonable means to dress well than come to harm through dressing extravagantly. It is a capital blunder to seek utterly to repress an instinct which is, next to the maternal, perhaps the strongest in the female breast. The philosophic course is to direct it.

We cannot say that we greatly admire the *contour* of the most fashionable garbs we have hitherto seen. The extraordinary ascension of the chignon is, we think, a physiognomical blunder, as well as objectionable otherwise. There is a certain caricature of haughtiness in its effect which is not only a little ridiculous, but more than a little unladylike. A strained effect is quite unescapable with this species of *coiffure*—a look as if the young ladies had fallen into the hands of wild Indians, who, commencing with the waterfall in its old legitimate place, had scalped it up to the crown and left it there. The short dresses, too, are less graceful than the trains, although far more sensible, and the rotund skirts have collapsed with a precipitancy which has a very whimsical effect to the unaccustomed eye.

We are not, however, disposed to be too critical in pronouncing upon innovations which are the harbingers of flowers and sunshine; and as the new fashions, though widely different, are quite as piquant and coquettish as the old ones, while at the same time they consume less material, we ought, we presume, both as the advocates of gallantry and the enemies of extravagance, to give them a cordial endorsement.

PHYSIOLOGICAL GASTRONOMY.

NO. IV.—CONCERNING MEATS.

MAN is neither herbivorous, graminivorous, nor frugivorous, but in the widest signification of the term, is omnivorous; and it is not to man's advantage, physiologically or otherwise, to take his food, which he thus draws from all sources, either of inferior quality or badly prepared. Man is likewise a gregarious animal, and when large numbers are packed together, as in the great cities of the world, it is necessary that they be fed with care, using all proper nutritive matters and wasting nothing. This can only be done by drawing from all the subdivisions of the animal and vegetable kingdom, and preparing food by cooking so as to utilize the greatest possible proportion.

In all large congregations of men, there are some who, from force of circumstances or their own efforts, have risen beyond the ordinary level, many of whom work as long as they live for further power and advancement. There are weaker spirits who simply desire to maintain what they consider to be their normal position in society; and finally there are others, the most feeble and uncultivated intellectually, whose lives are merely a struggle for existence. It is one of the recognized social duties of the powerful and affluent classes to aid those who, from sickness or other causes, cannot feed and clothe themselves; and consequently in all civilized communities we find hospitals and other charitable institutions. All must be fed, and all should have daily a certain quantity of meat. This assertion is not made without sufficient experimental proof. We will not ask the naturalist to describe the teeth and large intestine, the conformation of which clearly enough indicates that man is made to consume animal as well as vegetable food, but will simply relate one or two experiments, made on an extended scale, which show that men fed upon grain or vegetables are physically inferior to those who are supplied with meat. In treating of gastronomy from a physiological point of view, we should least of all neglect the subject of alimentation of the poorer classes; and this subject has engaged the attention of some of the most eminent scientific men of the age. In 1841 a company engaged in building a railroad between Paris and Rouen employed in its construction a number of English engineers, who imported workmen from England in addition to the French laborers. As these two classes of laborers worked together, it was found that the French could accomplish only about two-thirds of the work of the English. Recognizing the great differences in the alimentation of the English and the French, the boiled and roasted beef used by the English were finally substituted for the vegetables and weak soups with which the French were almost exclusively nourished, and from the moment that an equality in diet was thus established the French began to accom-

plish as much labor as the English. The same thing was illustrated in 1825 in an iron foundry which was established near Paris on the English plan. Here it was found necessary to employ English workmen for certain operations requiring great strength and endurance, which could not be performed by the French; but on feeding the native workmen with meat it was soon found that they became strong enough to do what was required, and the imported workmen were sent back. It is unnecessary to cite other examples of this fact, which has been illustrated over and over again.

We do not enter into the question of the necessity of meat in the alimentation of man for the purpose of convincing those who can easily obtain what they desire to eat that meat should constitute a considerable part of their diet; for this is an article which no one in affluent or moderate circumstances ever thinks of dispensing with. But for the poor, animal food is a necessity and not entirely a luxury; and it is cruel and inhuman, viewed from a physiological standpoint, to send out from prisons and other public institutions men who are too weak to compete in labor with those who have been properly fed. A proposition made not long ago, by an English physiologist, to reduce the not very abundant fare in British prisons, justly excited the indignant opposition of every one who knew anything about the subject. Though not often accomplished, one of the objects of the organized punishment of crime is to effect reform; and the chances of this must be greatly diminished when prisoners are discharged in the reduced physical condition which inevitably results from poor and insufficient food.

The popular and scientific experience of the world, therefore, leads to the inevitable conclusion that animal food is an important, if not the most essential, element in the nutrition of man. All our instincts, so far as they can be recognized after the modifications which result from habit and education, lead us to regard this as the most solid and reliable of all alimentary principles. The usages of all civilized nations recognize meats as the principal articles to be taken at dinner; and this is in entire accordance with scientific experience. It is by no means to be assumed that articles which are acted upon slowly by the digestive fluids are necessarily difficult of digestion. Nature makes provision for a slow and gradual transformation of alimentary principles, and the comparatively tardy action of the fluids upon meats must be considered as entirely normal, if it can be shown that these are necessary and proper articles of food. Although habit has a great influence upon the appetite and upon digestion, it is generally proper to confine the principal digestive labor in the twenty-four hours to the disposition of a single meal. A person of moderately sedentary habits, accustomed to take a large breakfast and a pretty solid lunch, cannot hope to be always a reliable diner. But, on the other hand, it is not desirable to take all our nourishment at a single meal, or to go too long without eating; and especially one should not attack a physiological dinner, which is to be gone through with regularly from the beginning to the end, with a ravenous appetite. Too often it happens, when this is the case, that the first articles are taken with avidity, that an abnormally abundant flow of gastric juice follows their introduction into the stomach, and the unhappy victim finds suddenly that his appetite is gone when it is most desired. Under these circumstances a young, inexperienced, and sensitive diner is very apt to force himself to exceed his appetite; and he must be the possessor of a very vigorous digestion to escape an attack of dyspepsia as the result. The best physical condition for dining is perfect health, after moderate and not unusual exercise, when food has been taken through the day at the usual times and in nearly the usual quantity. With a consciousness that there is nothing after dinner to do but comfortably to digest and assimilate, there is a tranquillity of mind and body which leads to the highest development of the gustatory sense.

The varieties of meats which may be served at dinner and the methods of their preparation are almost infinite, and differ in nearly all countries. A Frenchman is horrified and finally overcome by a grand English dinner; and a true Englishman cannot dine satisfactorily, even in Paris, without his enormous joints, which, by the way, he always finds badly cooked. A happy medium in this regard prevails at the best tables in this country. We are here able to appreciate the plain roast meats of the English as well as the delicate, exquisitely flavored, composite dishes of the French.

In the modest dinner which forms part of the daily routine of the great portion of our population, the meats are not necessarily preceded by soups and fish, to say nothing of cold oysters, *bouchés*, *hors d'œuvres*, etc., with the attendant wines, which make their appearance on state occasions. In a previous article we have advocated

light soups at the beginning of dinner; or, if no soup be taken, a delicate fish may be served in its place. Although this is very much a matter of habit, it is more physiological to begin a substantial meal with some light and delicately flavored article than to eat at once upon the most solid food that can be taken. With this exception, the old rule that the order of dishes should always be from the more substantial to the lighter articles is the safest one to follow. There is no danger then that the principal dish of the dinner will be neglected, and the game should always be highly flavored and delicate enough to tempt the appetite, even after partaking liberally of other dishes.

The first important gastronomic point to consider is the selection of meats; but unfortunately marketing can never be done according to definite and invariable rules. Take, for example, the single item of beef. Beef should generally be pretty large; but some of the best varieties are small, like the young spayed heifer or the free martin, which afford the most delicately flavored and the finest grained meat. There are, however, certain cardinal principles in feeding and killing which are recognized in the scientific world as necessary to the production of the best and most nutritive meats. With the exception of a few instances in which meats are used some time before they arrive at maturity, and are then justly regarded as luxuries, animals to be used as food should be young but full grown. It is almost unnecessary to add that they should be in perfect health, never having been overworked or affected with any disease. The flesh of young heifers that have been raised and fed with the greatest care until just the time when they arrive at maturity is considered by some as possessing more sweetness and delicacy of flavor than any other kind of beef; but as far as true excellence of the meat conjoined with the greatest amount of nutritive power are concerned, a young bullock, about seven years old, that has been very moderately worked for a few months and then carefully fattened, affords the best quality of beef. Precocious meats are apt to be soft as well as tender, and do not possess the richness and the flavor which is so highly developed in the flesh of animals that are in a perfectly normal condition. A rapid development of the soft tissues with an excessive formation of fat is generally the result of over-feeding conjoined with confinement and insufficient exposure to the air and light; and such meats answer very well for occasional luxuries, but their best qualities as alimentary articles are not developed.

The excellence of mutton depends upon nearly the same conditions. The great reputation of English mutton is undoubtedly well deserved, and, aside from differences in the breeding, depends upon greater advantages in feeding. The sheep in England are never exposed to the great changes in weather which we have in this country; and consequently they have the advantage of the light and the air during nearly the entire year. The best English mutton is also more carefully fed than ours, and has the advantage, when brought to our markets, of the cool and salt sea-air in the transportation. Excessive formation of fat is not favorable to the development of the best qualities of any kind of meat; and on this account prize mutton or beef is not necessarily of the best flavor.

Animals should be killed when they have been for some time perfectly quiet and are in the highest physical condition. When they are heated or have been overdriven, the tenderness and flavor of the meat is always impaired. The old idea, however, that venison is better when the deer have been hunted to death, is not without some foundation. This mode of death, of course, exhausts the vitality of the muscular system, and it has been found that the putrefactive changes commence very early and proceed with great rapidity. In the changes of the muscular tissue immediately preceding putrefaction, some of the most delicate flavoring principles are developed; and these being hastened, the meat arrives at its best condition much sooner than if the animal had been slaughtered in the ordinary way. Animals should fast for at least twenty-four hours before being killed.

Lamb, spring-chickens, young grouse and partridges are examples of young meats which are more delicately flavored than after they have arrived at maturity. The characters of veal are so different from those of beef that it can be regarded almost as a distinct article. Veal requires thorough cooking to develop its aromatic principles, and is much inferior to good beef in nutritive properties, and, indeed, in every other regard.

It would open a subject too extensive for present discussion were we to attempt to designate the particular kinds of meat and the parts of the animals used as food which are most desirable. An intelligent and honest butcher is the best person to give information on this subject. We have seen a saddle of mutton so fat that it could

be cooked only with great difficulty, and the muscular tissue was small in quantity and tasteless; but the legs of the same animal could hardly be excelled in delicacy of flavor. Not many years ago, most good providers selected a sirloin roast of beef, and the few who were aware of the superior excellence of the choice ribs found no difficulty in getting precisely what they desired. This is a single illustration of the changes which have taken place in the views of marketers with regard to the selection of meats; for now nearly all who know how to buy select some of the "first cut" ribs. It would be justly considered a piece of gross and unpardonable ignorance for any provider to be unaware of the superiority of the porter-house steak over all others; but nearly every one will be careful to see that the butcher cuts the steaks with plenty of tenderloin. A good porter-house steak, well broiled, so that all the juices are retained and the full flavor of the meat developed, is one of the most agreeable and nutritious of the meat dishes; but its excellence does not depend upon the size of the tenderloin. The most skillful providers carefully select a fine piece of beef and take the small steaks which have hardly any tenderloin, cut from the loin near the ribs, when the *filet* is thin. Steaks from this part have all the delicacy of flavor of the rib-roast; and it is well known that the *filet* is so wanting in richness that it is generally larded or made into a *sauté* with highly-flavored articles, in order to make from it a dish of the first order. But, as before remarked, on these questions the advice of the butcher should be taken by those whose education in marketing is imperfect. Butchers are generally well-fed, good-natured, enthusiastic in their calling, and they commonly feel a certain degree of interest in those who are willing to make an effort to select good meats; while they always hold an accomplished provider in the highest respect.

Even these few discursive hints are sufficient to show that it is nearly as cheap and as easy for persons in moderate circumstances to provide good material as to take that of inferior quality; but it will not answer to trust entirely to the dealer, though he be a very pattern of honesty. Those who appreciate good things sufficiently to attend personally to their selection will always have the first choice, and others must take what is left. Heads of families and housekeepers should bear these facts in mind, and remember as well that scientific investigation has shown that well-flavored articles are more easily assimilated and nourish the body better than those of inferior quality. Young and growing children, especially, should have good and sufficient nutriment, and it is the duty of parents to see that they are provided with it. One of the great causes of the deficiency in vigor and endurance in many fashionably educated females is the insufficient nourishment to which they are subjected in boarding-schools, at the most critical period of their existence. This subject, to which we have already alluded in our first article, has often engaged our thoughts; and we have more than once seriously considered the propriety of making a systematic attack upon the dietetics of the boarding-school system, based upon estimates of the amount of nutritive material required by young girls compared with that which they actually receive. Physiological gastronomy abhors the idea of young and growing girls or boys actually suffering from hunger, as they sometimes do, until the appetite is brought down to what is considered to be the proper standard. A frequent result of this regimen in early life, particularly in females, is to produce a physical condition in adult years which is truly pitiable, and this in persons who are supposed to have the best of everything that can be obtained.

All meats should be kept a certain time before they are eaten. This is absolutely necessary to the development of the best qualities of almost all kinds of food derived from warm-blooded animals. The length of time that such articles should be kept must, of course, vary with the weather and with other conditions. It is not proper to allow even the slightest amount of putrefactive change, although the antiseptic properties of the gastric juice are so marked that substances even in a tolerably advanced stage of decomposition may occasionally be taken into the stomach with impunity. Meat should be kept in a cool and moderately dry atmosphere until the nitrogenized substance has undergone some of the changes which precede decomposition. The tissue then becomes more tender and is readily digested; and in this process new empyreumatic and flavoring principles are developed, which add very much to its richness. Meat should never be frozen, for this disorganizes its structure and impairs its flavor. A very great difference in this regard exists between animal and vegetable articles. Vegetables should always be taken as fresh as possible; and when at all decomposed they are invariably injurious.

A strong, healthy man is very apt to regard animal

food as his chief reliance, and from what has just been said it is evident that this is in accordance with established scientific facts. It is hardly necessary to add that meat-dishes form the most important part of all good dinners. As these are well recognized facts, it is important, after having provided good material, to prepare and serve it in the best manner. The science of modern cookery is, of course, too extensive a subject to discuss in a limited space, and there is a sufficient number of elaborate treatises on this subject to meet the wants of housekeepers. There are, however, certain cardinal physiological rules which are appreciated by all good cooks. Those which are particularly applicable to meats may be expressed in a few words.

The best way to cook good meats is to develop and retain in their substance all their peculiar flavors and prevent the escape of the juices. This is done by roasting or broiling, the most accurately physiological of all the different methods of cooking. The external portions should be rapidly hardened by a quick sharp fire, never, of course, allowing the meat to burn. The temperature to which the surface is thus exposed ranges from 212° to 270°, and this effectually prevents the escape of the aroma and the juices. The interior, which is never exposed to very intense heat (not more than from 125° to 150°), should be cooked thoroughly, but always, in the case of meats and dark-meated birds, so as to be full of a clear red juice, and never, under any circumstances, allowed to become dry. Articles that are broiled in this manner need little more than a little sweet butter added after the cooking is completed. There is nothing that broils so well as the old-fashioned hickory coals; and next to these, charcoal. The hard range-coal cooks too slowly and is apt to give a little smoky flavor to the meat. Above all, let broiled meats be taken immediately from the coals to the table. The extemporaneous steak or chop will always be found the best.

Boiling is a mode of cooking the value of which is somewhat under-estimated. Mutton and some kinds of poultry are very good boiled. It is desirable to boil meats in water that has been pretty well salted, otherwise too much of the nutritive matter is extracted. It is manifestly impossible to make a good soup and leave a good piece of boiled meat. Boiling seems simple enough, but it requires a certain amount of skill. If meat is immediately plunged into boiling water it becomes tough; but the water with the meat should be put over a sharp fire and be cooked much more rapidly than when soup is to be made.

Baking is one of the worst methods which can be employed in cooking meats, unless they be baked so rapidly that they are almost roasted. The difficulty with baked meats is, that they are apt to be tough, and the juices with some of the aromatic principles are almost invariably destroyed.

In stewing, the culinary artist has an opportunity of supplying flavor by means of sauces to material that would otherwise be insipid; and this enables him to sometimes make use of tough and inferior meat. This is a very important method of cooking, and the variety of dishes that can thus be made is almost infinite. The remains of roasted or boiled meats can be made use of in this way, and, if skilfully prepared, can be made very palatable.

Good meat should never be fried. The fat used in this process always has a higher temperature than it is desirable to obtain in the substance of meat, and the muscular tissue readily absorbs the hot liquid, which renders it disagreeable to the taste and difficult of digestion. The flavors of meats are almost always destroyed by frying. Oysters, fish, and articles of this kind which are cooked very rapidly, may be fried when properly protected by meal, bread crumbs, or batter; but there are few meats which cannot be infinitely better cooked in other ways.

In following out the original plan of these articles, meats will necessarily occupy more of our attention than anything else; and after the few hints which we have given concerning their selection and preparation, we will endeavor to indicate their physiological place in a dinner.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of THE ROUND TABLE, desirous of encouraging bold and free discussion, do not exact of their correspondents an agreement with their own views; they, therefore, beg to state that they do not hold themselves responsible for what appears under this heading, as they do for the editorial expression of their opinions.

LONDON.

LONDON, March 23, 1867.

ONE of the most remarkable evidences of the progress of new ideas about the representation of the people in this country was afforded the other day by an article in our *Daily Telegraph* on Mr. Stuart Mill's notice of mo-

tion to insert the word "persons" instead of "males" in the government reform bill. It is not at all remarkable that Mr. Mill should not shrink from bringing forward this subject in Parliament. It is with him an old belief. One of his earliest writings was an anonymous tract advocating female suffrage; and he has, as is well known, a very eloquent passage on the same subject in his book on parliamentary government. Mr. Mill is not the man to be deterred by ridicule from giving to his theories a practical application. In his books he foretells the time when the notion of women voting, which now appears so strange and absurd and is so provocative of fun among small jokers, will become far more familiar, until at last in the ordinary course of such things the question can obtain a hearing on its own merits. It certainly seems that we are coming to this when a paper like *The Telegraph*, which takes good care, as a rule, never to be very far in advance of the average opinion of the time, is found bespeaking respectful attention to this "crochet of Mr. Mill" (as the rank and file of the House of Commons consider it), and asking what abstract reasons there can be against a woman voting for a member of Parliament in a country where a woman actually sits upon the throne. But the fact is that we are making rapid advances in political ideas. There is nothing more certain in the world than that we are approaching the time when at least every male Englishman—gipsies and vagrants excepted—will have a voice in the representation. The Tories have made the words "household suffrage" familiar throughout the land, and for an idea to be familiar is to be half way towards its practical adoption. Their checks and counter-checks, their make-weights and balances, will be swept away into Milton's limbo. Dual voting is already done for; long residence and the other fraudulent tricks of the Tory bill are equally certain to be rejected. They will soon be forgotten as trifling details always are; but household suffrage is a great fact, and a liberal government, notwithstanding Earl Russell's suicidal declaration to the contrary, must go that far. It may seem a moderate reform on your side, but it will work a revolution. Can it be supposed that if we had anything like a representation of the people in Parliament we should have such flagrant instances of the Houses' contempt for opinion out of doors as we have even now? Only the other night some member got up to complain of a monstrous instance of jobbery in some army appointments, and the government thought no further answer necessary than that the Liberal government had been guilty of jobbery equally flagrant. Not a word about the public interest; not even a hint on either side that while the two great parties who alternately mismanage the affairs of the nation are wrangling thus the people pay the cost.

You have perhaps seen that our House of Lords have appointed a select committee to enquire into the subject of trades unions, with which they insist on including an investigation into the outrage at Sheffield—the blowing up of a man's house who happened to be a non-unionist—on which I sent you some remarks a good many letters back. We all know that the House of Lords think of trades unions and may predict pretty safely the sort of report which a commission of their nomination is likely to make about them. One peer asked what particulars of the outrage would be likely to be obtained by a government commission which might not be obtained by a regular tribunal appointed to try some one charged with or suspected of the crime. The answer was that men will not criminate themselves before a regular tribunal, whereas a government commission has the power to grant indemnity to witnesses to induce them to speak. I know something about the working of parliamentary committees and commissions of enquiry, and I happen to know that this is just the reason why they are so useless and so mischievous. It would drive a logical-headed, trained lawyer insane to sit on a parliamentary committee and hear the way in which "evidence," as they call it, is taken. There is not the slightest method observed; not the faintest trace of respect for judicial rules. The witness is encouraged to talk; and what he thinks, or fancies, or what he has heard somebody say, or what he thinks or fancies that he has heard somebody say, is just as good for the commissioners as the best direct evidence. All goes down in the unwieldy blue-book which invariably follows. It is astonishing the superstitious reverence that exists here for these blue-book "facts," as they are called. To be in a government blue-book is considered to be as good as true, and yet I believe that more lies were never yet printed in one volume than find their way into a single publication of this kind. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? Nobody is sworn, which I would not object to if oaths were entirely abolished; but while oaths exist, witnesses who are partisans—and witnesses before commissioners are all

partisans—will not regard the obligation to speak the truth as binding. Add to this that there is no skilled cross-examination, no exclusion of irrelevant or hearsay evidence, no steady regard at any time to the thing to be proved, and you can easily perceive the delusion of parliamentary committees and commissioners. This is the instrument by which our House of Peers intend to get up a case at the cost of the country against the working classes, who, after all, do no more than band themselves together for the interests, real or presumed, of their particular trades, exactly as their more fortunate fellow-countrymen band themselves together, and with far more injurious effect on the public interest, for the protection of their own professions.

I cannot help thinking that Miss Braddon has been used rather hardly by all this pother about her *Black Band* series of novels. Here is a lady with a talent for fiction and a power of production so great that the publishers cannot keep pace with her, that is if she publishes all her novels in her own name; for the public is an unreasonable animal, and if it gets more than two novels a year from the same pen it protests that they are falling off, and that the author is writing himself out. A popular penny or halfpenny publication asks her for a story, and she agrees to write one; but here again she would not only appear to be over-writing herself, but would also lose caste, for nobody will believe in a novelist who writes in *The Halfpenny Journal*. I cannot for the life of me see why she should not accept the offer, and conceal her name if she chooses, or what right *The Athenæum* has to call upon her to speak out on the subject. I see her guide, philosopher, and friend, Mr. Maxwell, takes on himself the guilt of having adopted the *nom de plume* of "Lady Caroline Lascelles;" or rather, he lays it on to a man who, being dead, we may be sure will not write to *The Athenæum* to contradict him—"his late literary colleague, poor Sir Lascelles Wrexall, Baronet." This was certainly a doubtful proceeding, seeing that there are actually two Lady Caroline Lascelles among the connections of the British peerage; but it is a very old device of our penny journals of *The London Journal* and *Reynolds's Miscellany* class, who used to bristle with names of aristocratic association. The fault, after all, was not with Miss Braddon or her guide, philosopher, and friend, or even with his "poor friend, the late Sir Lascelles Wrexall, Baronet," but with the great reading public here, who, high or low, relish a story so much better when written by a lord or a titled lady.

Mr. Carlyle, who went to Italy intending to stay all the winter, soon got tired of the country and of its outlandish life and customs. He has just got back again, and henceforth will have none of it. The fact is that he has had such weather there that even our famous climate (snow in London a foot deep yesterday) could hardly have matched it. He went there simply for health, but was, unfortunately, disappointed. The rumor that his motive in going was to improve the Italian government personally to cut off the supply of organ-grinders who annoy him so terribly in his retirement at Chelsea is a mere idle story. Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CHURCH-GOING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Having read the article by "Nemo," entitled *An Apology for not Going to Church*, I am compelled to say that, but for his positive assertion that the article is not written in a spirit of levity, I should be lead to believe it merely an effort to provoke discussion.

While the Christian religion of the present is by no means carried to perfection, yet it is painful to feel that those who profess to be competent to separate the chaff from the wheat—to be unbiassed critics—should so far forget themselves as to suppose their whole duty done when they have passed a scathing condemnation upon that which appears to them to be evil, without an attempt to rise above that uncharitable state of feeling so far as to commend as worthy of consideration the good which remains. *Ex parte* criticism is, to say the least, unjust. Has "Nemo" never entered a church but "three" times? Has he never heard one of those soul-inspiring sermons whose every sentence bore tribute to Him who is above all others, and which presented in eloquence far above that of the mere human voice that great vicarious sacrifice which is the hope of every Christian heart, in all its sublimity and supreme unselfishness? Has he never attended one of those social gatherings for prayer where God was, and united in offering up supplications and songs of praise to Him who loves us and has given himself for us? How precious these meetings have been and still are to many time alone can never reveal. "Nemo" says: "I want this world's burden lightened, not made heavier." The burden of this world is sin, and although we may for a time, through self-righteousness or conceit, be enabled to bear the burden with comparative ease, yet it is none the less upon us. It is when our eyes are opened and we are brought to a sense of our weak and helpless condition that we begin to realize how great a load we bear. We must feel its weight and be crushed under it before we

can have a desire to be relieved from it. I would recommend that "Nemo" exercise more of that charity which he desires (?) so much, and instead of seeking only for a plausible excuse for not attending church, to carefully consider the inducements for attending divine worship. In the dark and unattractive earth may be found a grain of glittering gold; in the most dissolute life, a gleam of hope; so from many a dull and apparently uninteresting sermon has passed a ray of light divine which, entering into some troubled soul, has proved a balm for a wounded spirit, a shield against temptation, a connecting link between earth and heaven, which would aid the soul in its flight to the better land—a light which has radiated and filled with hope and joy many a dark place. Let anyone who is free from narrow-mindedness enter one of our New England churches, Sabbath after Sabbath, with a charitable spirit and a heart prepared to receive the word of God, and he soon will esteem it a pleasure as well as a great privilege.

STONINGTON, CONN., March 26, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: Under date of March 23 I read in your paper an *Apology for not Going to Church* containing arguments by no means new to me, for I have heard the same from private sources, but have not seen them published before. I hesitate now to answer them, partly from a dislike to interfere with other men's rules of conduct and partly because I know that

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

For it requires more than a change of opinion to make a man love to go to church, as it requires more than a sense of ignorance to make a boy love to go to school.

Your correspondent, however, expresses a wish to "hear the still, small voice of thousands of church-goers telling him honestly their motives for a contrary line of conduct." If such be honestly his desire, let him for once break through his Sunday regulations and mingle with some large, fervent congregation as they sing with one accord the well-known hymn, "Welcome, sweet day of rest!" or, "I love thy Church, O God!" and he will have a better answer to his question than I can hope to give him, although, perhaps, a louder one than he desires. Seeing, however, that he has been to church three times, and, not liking the services, has determined not to go again, he is not likely to hear the "still, small voice of thousands" in their own defense, and will probably listen some quiet Sunday to the still smaller voice of one church-goer, stating some of the reasons why churches are yet filled and God is yet worshipped in the way of His own appointment.

The first and strongest motive for this long established usage is the "Thus saith the Lord" which endorses it in both the Old and New Testaments, by which it is founded in the first by the command "Keep holy the Sabbath day," and continued in the second by such injunctions as "Forasmuch as thou hast loved the Sabbath day, thou shalt be blessed," etc. To one of His creatures it seems to me this might suggest a higher reason for its observance than any of those urged against it.

Were this writing-table a pulpit, and were mine the noble office of a preacher, I would expatiate on the spiritual blessings which God is pleased to shower down in His sanctuary, and which, like the gentle rain from heaven, fills all the vessels opened to receive it, and falls away from those only whose closed lids offer no welcome to it, leaving them dry and empty as before. But "Nemo" has overlooked those high and sacred benefits promised to the pious attendant on God's word, and proposes to spend the day in "mental and physical repose"—in a "species of dreamy speculation, partly devotional, partly philosophical," which must be a very pleasant way of passing a holiday. But reflecting on the programme, I exclaim involuntarily, "To dream—perchance to sleep!" for I have known meditation in all its phases and am well acquainted with this frequent result. Has "Nemo" forgotten that this rest of the body is given for the life of the soul? That the body recuperates by repose, while the soul is stifled by it and lives only in action? In the engrossing pursuit of business and pleasure during the six days of work how often is this "vital spark of heavenly flame" almost smothered beneath the weight of care, and what time then for clearing away all this rubbish? God be praised for the rest on the seventh day, when this flame may be fed from the altar-fires of the sanctuary and rise with the incense of praise and thanksgiving to its Creator!

"Nemo" has proved himself a mental and physical creature—possibly a lazy creature—and has made ample provision for the necessities of such a constitution; but he has apparently omitted an important part of human nature, viz.: the moral part, the cultivation of which I have endeavored to show is another of our strongest motives for going to church.

It is useless to dwell on minor reasons for our conduct, since your correspondent admits the beneficial influence of churches on society, and thinks it important that influential persons should go to church in order to set a good example to others. But he sees no reason why other persons without ties and without position should follow that example, many of whom, he says, "would feel hypocritical to be seen regularly at church." I would remind all such that church-going is not to be regarded as a profession of sanctity, but rather of deficiency and desire for improvement, which is, I trust, almost universally felt, and which none need be ashamed to acknowledge. He then brings charges of various imperfections against the Church, which certainly are not groundless, inasmuch as we find defects in all denominations, arising from the imperfection of human nature; and, consequently, inseparable from any system carried on by human agency. For instance, he has been to the Episcopalian High Church, and when he looked for a

simple, fervent exposition of God's word, was disgusted to hear

"The snowy-banded, diletanti, delicate-handed priest intone." I am not surprised that in all these ceremonials he found much chaff and little wheat. He next tried the Low Church, and, besides missing the dignity of ceremonials, he was treated to a political rhodomontade instead of a sermon. Of that substitute I cannot speak from experience. I write, as you see, from Richmond, where stump-speaking and preaching are still two different things, and cannot sound the depths of this people's abhorrence should they ever see their pulpits desecrated by political discussion. I cannot complain of our friend because he "went away sorrowful." On his next trial he found a decorous and devotional service, but did not like to be told in the sermon that he was deficient in religion and charity, and that without these his future welfare was insecure. "He wanted to be comforted and consoled, and to have the burden of life lightened." Here, again, I cannot blame him; but I think the example of the "upright and worthy friend" who sat next to him, and who not only patiently received these chidings but liked to hear them, might suggest that they were neither unwholesome nor inappropriate. His indignation raises suspicion that perhaps the worthy minister

"Spoke some certain truths of him
That he had scarcely cared to hear;"

and that "Nemo" is not willing to submit himself to the same thing a second time.

The gravest sentence in his letter is that "he finds the clergy sadly deficient in earnestness," and in some cases it is, alas! too true, that a minister may find "his Father's business" less engrossing than his own, may lack that elevation of soul required for the lively apprehension of sacred truth, or may not possess that ardent love of God and man necessary for its effectual demonstration; but this sweeping denunciation of the class of men in this world the most earnest, the most unselfish, and the most untiring is inexcusable. How often is the enthusiasm of a preacher damped by the first sight of a listless congregation to whom he has addressed a thousand fruitless exhortations, and who have often gabbled their idle greetings one to another at the close of his sermon with a levity that chilled his heart; or dissected his most feeling passages with the scalpel of cool criticism before his very eyes! It is not an easy thing to repeat this experiment on human hearts always with new ardor, under such disadvantages. Notwithstanding all this, for the earnest truth-seeker how many grains of pure gold are in the ore on which a careless glance has fallen unheeding! Let "Nemo" carefully consider the spirit he carried with him in his three visits to the house of God, and he may partly account for the disgust with which he came away. He "trusts he feels as devotional as other men." I trust so too, but do not consider the evidence he gives of it absolutely convincing.

In conclusion, I would remind him that there are in many churches priests who do not intone, who do not deliver political harangues, who do not deal exclusively in the "thunders of Sinai," but who reverently and faithfully endeavor from Sunday to Sunday to set forth the word of God, and to deliver his messages to the world. Respectfully, etc., QUELQU'UN.

RICHMOND, VA., April 3, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: May I say a little in regard to "Nemo's" *Apology for not Going to Church*? The subject is one of great interest to me; having watched its results in several instances and studied well the pros and cons, I cannot agree with "Nemo."

In the first place, what do we go to church for? To offer prayer and praise to God. We Episcopalians find in our Prayer Book such beautifully appropriate prayers for all occasions, and in the service prayer and praise so happily combined, that it should be a pleasure to join with voice and heart whenever the church is opened for that purpose, or at least once a week. Sermons are secondary, although I acknowledge it a matter of great importance that clergymen should know how to preach judiciously. One can overlook a lack of brilliant talent if the man who stands before us as a teacher of holy things shows earnestness in his work and uses simple language. Nothing can be more pitiable than an attempt to conceal want of thought, originality, and study with would-be poetical language; a general huddling together of fine phrases without any idea of relative position, reminding one of the sentences in grammar which the pupils are expected to arrange in such a manner as to convey sense. Unhappily there are many clergymen who effect more harm than good by a weak attempt at what they are incapable of doing. Why will not such men read to their congregations sermons that have been written by those blessed with talent, and spend the time they would have wasted in writing in visiting their people or looking up what can be done for the good of the Church?

Nevertheless, I don't think the sermons that are delivered should serve as an excuse for non-attendance upon God's worship. If ministers show a want of energy, may not that be partly laid at the doors of those who stay at home Sunday after Sunday? A man says he is a Churchman by education, endeavors to lead a consistent Christian life, pays for a pew in church, sends his family there, treats the minister politely, but begs to be excused from listening to his preaching. Another spends his Sundays at home for much the same reason, adding the example of his neighbor. Another declares he doesn't care to go to church when the congregation is composed principally of females, who can sit and listen to poor sermons with more patience than he possesses. Another says: "Mr. Thus and Mr. So, Mr. Here and Mr. There never go to church, yet they are good, sensible men. I won't go either!" And so the example works; men are

influenced by each other to such a degree that it behooves each one to consider well all his steps, lest at any time he cause another to stumble. A clergyman who is thus made aware of his incapacity for writing sermons naturally loses energy and interest, and his life is a weary dragging on of time, to say the least.

The choral service (when it is conducted in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of all joining in it) and political and scolding sermons, are decidedly objectionable. Still, I believe even they may be endured, without injury to ourselves, for the sake of the church service and the benefit derivable therefrom. Of the three evils I think the first is the hardest to bear; but our comfort is that the choral service is not yet so universal that we may not always find some place of worship where every one may unite.

Should "Nemo" hear the "still, small voice of thousands of church-goers," telling honestly their motives, he might be surprised at the large number whose motive is a devotional one. Could we look into the hearts of many who seem to us worldly and trifling, we might learn that those hearts found true enjoyment in thus offering to God their prayers. Many whose lives are inconsistent and sinful, I believe, have hearts which find rest and peace in church prayers; who feel that could they more frequently unite in such devotion their lives would be different. If at the church door they leave all their good resolutions, is that any reason why they should never return?

It is easy to say, "My reasons for staying at home are more Christian than the motives of thousands for going to church;" but does that thought satisfy the conscience? I think the fact of a public apology being deemed necessary, proves that the conscience is not at rest. What I have said shows only the effect of example; much more might be brought forward regarding the moral effect of continued non-attendance at church upon the one who thus absents himself; the gradual monopoly of the "half philosophical reflections" to the exclusion of the devotional, the reasoning away of the necessity for public worship, except for women and children.

QUELQU'UNE.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY, N. Y., March 26, 1867.

[In their discussions of the point on which they are at odds our correspondents seem to have lost sight of the popular adage that one man's meat is another man's poison. There are men who find a pleasure in attending lectures; there are others to whom it is unsupportably burdensome to spend an hour listening to any man, however able, on any unhumorous topic. To men thus differing, church-going presents exactly opposite aspects; and it is no less tyrannical and cruel in one of the former class to exact church attendance of his neighbor who is constitutionally disqualified for it, than it would be in the latter to restrain him from seeking a kind of pleasure and profit which he fails to comprehend. We have heard good people gravely advocate the very Calvinistic theory that these persons will be profited by such mortification of the flesh as habitually sitting from a sort of duty under a stupid preacher, which to us seems very much as if they should say that man is made for the Sabbath, and not the Sabbath for man. One aspect of this diversity of sentiment was pretty clearly set forth lately by *The Saturday Review*:

"It must be recollected that what are truths to one class are often truths, if not novel truths, to another. An educated man is trained from his childhood to acknowledge that virtue is admirable, and that honesty is the best policy. He does not practise regularly what he preaches; but about the great axioms of moral philosophy he feels no doubt whatever. They are so certain and so positive that his interest in the enunciation of them is, comparatively speaking, small. Uneducated and ill-trained minds are less familiar, if not with the truths themselves, at any rate with the formal exposition of them. They do not live among people who think or act or talk in this fine and noble way, and they like to listen to such sentiments exceedingly. Every English householder who takes the trouble to enquire will find that his servants look on the Sunday sermon in a very different light from that in which he looks on it himself. He has heard the preacher's observations a thousand times already; perhaps he has read them put far more forcibly in a hundred books; they are not fresh to him; and he is positively weary of having to sit still under the parson who has nothing to tell him that he does not know already. His servants are neither so fastidious nor so familiar with them. They like the sermon if it is only for the sake of the phraseology and the precepts, neither of which is of a kind to which they are accustomed."

The fact, as we understand it, is that so long as church services are designed to meet the wants of the average public, there must, from the nature of things, be excluded many to whose wants they are in no way adapted, and who have no other resource than, leaving them for those who find them to their taste, to settle the matter with their own consciences. Assuredly, they are entitled to exemption from the intrusive impertinence of well-meaning people who, by constant nagging and hardly veiled intimations that dislike for church arises from a bad heart, convert a feeling in which there is nothing of hostility into one of active and restful disgust against the church and some of its effects on those who frequent it.—*Ed. ROUND TABLE.*

PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: Permit me to combat an erroneous opinion, the latest expression of which I have seen under the sanction of a distinguished name in *THE ROUND TABLE* of the 23d ult. In a short notice of a work by Professor Davies is this observation: "Professor Davies considers that principles should be taught before being applied to

practice, as science precedes art." This opinion, like some other popular opinions, is too prevalent; and it is full time that it should be controverted. Why should principles be taught before practice? Is it a shorter way of coming at the practice? Unquestionably not. A very high degree of skill may be acquired in the practice, which is really in most cases a mechanical process, without any knowledge of the principles. And why should a positive good be postponed longer than is necessary? Mankind want results. He who is able to perform results is the man who is wanted, and the most useful results may very well be performed without any knowledge of the philosophy of their production.

Art is the immediate production of results; science can only manifest its use through the intervention of art. If, then, art be the useful end which is to be reached through the path of science, and if that end can be arrived at directly, without the intermediate scientific step, why not take the direct course and set about learning the art at once? In point of fact, this is what men commonly do. They set youths to practise their intended future callings at the earliest possible moment. They know that the science will come in good time, but they are very solicitous to secure early practice. Of course, he is the perfect man who possesses a knowledge of both art and theory. This is the grand end to be gained—skill in both. The only question, then, is, How is this end best to be attained? Is it to begin with the science and, through a course of reasoning, work our way to the art, or is it better to commence with the art at once and gather up the science as we go along? I have no hesitation in saying that the latter is the true method. In the first place, it has the very strong recommendation of making the easy precede the difficult. The process is generally an easy piece of mechanical work; the exposition of the grounds on which it rests is often very difficult to the comprehension. To plod through the steps of a subtle or complicated demonstration is a sore toil to many minds; to perform the practical operation is a work of no difficulty. Why, then, in the matter of knowledge place the mountain before the hillock, the bitter before the sweet? Yet this is what those who teach science before practice. The science is the more difficult of the two. In the second place, practice begets a familiarity with all the minutiae of the machinery among which the scientific principles are distributed, and this prodigiously facilitates the comprehension of the theory. Even a very limited extent of practice sheds a great light on the understanding, fitting it to receive with ease explanations which would otherwise be with difficulty made intelligible. Every one's experience testifies to this. It is more easy to explain the principles of the steam engine to an engine-driver than to a man of the same capacity with less practical knowledge of the locomotive.

But it is in educational matters that the mistaken notion of the relative order in which theory and practice should be taught prevails most extensively. Nothing is more common, for example, than to find educationists who are not practical remarking that a boy should never be permitted to do a sum till he fully understands the reason of the rule by which it is worked. This is altogether wrong. Let a boy learn to do his sum expeditiously and correctly first, and when he is thoroughly master of the practice then explain the theory. Do not keep him back in his sums because he is not able to clear up every point connected with the reasoning of the preceding rules. A very small child may be taught, with a little pains, to work the four simple rules of arithmetic quite promptly and correctly; yet it would be cruel to ask such a child to face the task of mastering the principles of any one of them—a feat, indeed, which would tax (not speaking disparagingly) many adult philosophers to do at a moment's notice. Does the greatest mathematician, when extracting a square or cube root, ever once think of the principles on which the rules are founded? He works away mechanically like any other man.

Yours respectfully,

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in *THE ROUND TABLE* must be sent to the office.

SWEDENBORG.*

A PROMINENT house in Philadelphia has begun the publication of an edition of the works of Swedenborg, and the first issue is the very handsome volume before us, selected, perhaps, for embodying as much of the peculiar character of the great body of his voluminous works as any. This "sandy diffuseness" of the Swedish seer, as Emerson calls it, extending through his fifty stout octavos, has doubtless been much against the proselyting success of his theological scheme, and the prolixity of the expounder has not always made clearer the nature of the thing expounded. The sustained power of some of his books, and constant pressing to one end, has been in some quarters commended as evidence of his genius, that finds no barriers, and among his followers is doubtless conclusive in their opinion of its distinctiveness from mere ecstatic fervor or morbid hallucination. In tracing the influence of this wonderful man—if no higher name be given him—upon his kind, this sustaining power is in some way reduplicated, as in the steady benignity of character which seems to belong to this sect.

There have been apparently something like tidal swells

* *Heaven and its Wonders, and Hell, from Things Heard and Seen.* By Emanuel Swedenborg. Originally published in Latin at London, A.D. 1758. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

and lapses in the aggressiveness of the faith, if we can judge with any fairness from the outward symptoms, as made known in the bibliography of the subject. Passing over the time of his philosophical and scientific productions, we find the period of the transition of the scientist into the mystic (an interval involved in much obscurity with his biographers, and thought to be illuminated not very favorably to a belief in his sanity since the discovering of his diary in 1858) brought to a close, in the year 1758, by his rapid publication of several Latin treatises—the original of the version before us among the number—which declared the quality of "things seen and heard." From this time to his death, after recuperating for a few years just subsequent to this prolific outburst, he was seldom without a book passing through the press. He had been dead, however, ten years before this accumulated matter gathered head and seemed to burst the bounds that he had found hedged about him in his lifetime. There was a vigor apparent in the pushing of the printed records of the faith, and a recognition in the Englishing of his not very elegant Latin, that might lead one to look for a community of feeling among numbers, and we find it in the organization of the New Church, which at this time took place in London. The wave that had lifted itself so ominously apparently receded again, and Stationers' Hall shows for some fifteen years hardly a trace of this people's faith.

By 1810 indications of a return were noted. The tide swelled for another ten years, though not so fully as before. Then came the reactionary sluggishness again, briefer than in the last instance, with gradual renewal of life after it, until with the fifth decade there was a swell of the tide that lasted well through to the middle of the century, owing greatly to Mr. J. G. Wilkinson's editions and to the co-operation of Mr. Clissold, whom we recognize in the initials De Quincey uses to designate his friend in one of the chapters of his *Literary Reminiscences*. In the last fifteen years, if the impelling power has not been so marked to ordinary eyes, we may hesitate, nevertheless, before discarding Mrs. Browning's convictions, that the unconscious influence of Swedenborg has been in general strongly marked among contemporary theological thinkers of the most calmly reasoning order.

There is one recognition of his power, at least, that any communion may well be pleased to have acknowledged by those outside of it, and that is the moulding of his disciples' life into something that most people find it more easy to admire in others than to perfect in themselves—namely, a docility of mind, a calm content of soul, and a sweetness, so to speak, of temper. De Quincey does not know how to account for it. The earthy flavor that Swedenborg carried into his description of life beyond the tomb made him expect to see men dereligionized who accepted his narrative; but he confesses he found in Clissold a departure from his logical conclusions. Theodore Parker points a similar conclusion in one of his letters, after giving what, on the whole, is not an inapt, offhand measuring of the seer. "It seems to me," he writes, "that Swedenborg was a man of genius, wide learning, and piety; but he has an abnormal, queer sort of mind—dreamy, dozy, clairvoyant, Andrew-Jackson-Davies. A wise man may get many nice bits out of him, and be the healthier for such eating; but if he swallows Swedenborg whole, as the fashion is with his followers, why, it lies hard on his stomach, and the man has a nightmare on him all his natural life. Yet the Swedenborgians have a calm and religious beauty in their lives which is much to be admired."

Swedenborg makes his angels grow young with their years—a return to a second childhood not limited by the inanities of mind and body that make our mundane experience; his wives in heaven take on an increase of comeliness with the lapse of time that does not comport with the shrivelled features and sharpened lines of our terrestrial helpmates; and it must be confessed that this happy regeneration of flesh and spirit finds something of an earthly "correspondence" in the folds of the New Jerusalem. There is, we may say, the very fount of a complacent invigoration in the grand relation that Swedenborg establishes between the divine and the human. If we can believe that God is a grand man, and man a minute God, we may expect an altitudinizing of spirit. In some sort it may be an invigorating of the intellect, as soul and mind are brought into one.

It has been said of Swedenborg's books that not every one can read them, but they who can will get their reward; and he is noted as one of those eccentric minds of great power which must always help us above the mediocre quality, however well balanced. Emerson advises us to use his books with caution, and not to think we have reached a just apprehension, unless we have almost a genius like Swedenborg's own. We cannot expect all to see this man alike. He offers himself to us at different

angles, and the universal light does not reflect alike from every point of view. To Henry James he is a philosopher, not a seer. To Prof. Rossetti he is a mere enigmatiser, with some occult parallelism of the ceremonies of masonry. Another will trace his visions to his acknowledged "too hearty dinner," as he describes his condition when he had his first view of things unseen, and will lay all kinds of mysteries to indigestion; and another, like De Quincey, will note the sure marks of a lunatic in his conjoined excesses both of extravagance and of dulness; while a third, like Robertson of Brighton, in putting him down as a great genius under hallucinations, will find the majority of men to agree with him.

MRS. SEDGWICK AND HER PUPILS.*

THE intrinsic merit of this little volume will quite suffice to justify the unqualified eulogium bestowed upon it by some of the leading presses of the country, for, while those for whose advantage it is especially designed—the pupils whose early thoughts this excellent lady has endeavored to direct—must accept with gratitude such an evidence of her tender solicitude for their well-being in after life, there is not a household within the whole range of this vast country that might not reap a lasting benefit from the precepts she enforces with such fervent zeal, ability, and courage. The reader will be struck with the absolute fitness, the propriety and practicability of Mrs. Sedgwick's views, rather than by their novelty, although we are not aware that similar advice has in any instance been administered in a like form; but she avoids all reference to the new and startling theories of the day and the vexed questions of woman's rights, and even omits any allusion to the subject so ably and intelligently treated by Miss Davies of *The Higher Education of Women*. Mrs. Sedgwick rather suggests such rules of mental and moral training as shall fit a woman to any position of life to which she may be called, teaching her likewise the vital importance of discreetly and conscientiously guiding and governing those precious little ones whom the Almighty entrusts to her care, and pointing out gently but firmly, and without reservation, the almost ineradicable mischief wrought to children by the ignorance, obstinacy, and vanity of parents. She strongly inculcates the necessity for cultivating reverence in a child, and says:

"Especially let this respect be evinced towards his benefactors, his parents, and those who are entrusted with his education. Let him rise up in the presence of the aged and pay respect to the hoary head. Those parents greatly wrong their children who allow them to be guilty of any want of respect towards themselves in word or action. The least offence of this kind should be treated in the most serious manner, as one not easily to be overlooked. Rob your child's soul of reverence, and you rob it of a jewel essential to its full lustre and richness. There is no need, in order to ensure it, to keep him at a distance from you. Only be careful that the nearer he approaches you, the more he discovers in you that is worthy of reverence."

Tenderly and with a mother's care the authoress leads her pupils step by step along the path of early life, with earnest admonition and healthful counsel assisting them until they reach that period the most serious and important of a woman's whole existence. Nor does she leave them then; but in the chapter on marriage, which she considers the God-appointed destiny of woman, administers in a Christian and loving spirit some good advice which it would be well for every young wife to read and ponder on. She says:

"I think it has been affirmed more than once that the first year of marriage is the most important of all, and decides the character of all that follow. I dare say this is very nearly true, and often perilous consequences result from causes in themselves trivial. A scratch in a stick of timber may lead to its splitting asunder, and a word rashly spoken and unretreated may have in it the voice of doom."

"As soon as you find out what your husband's faults of temper are, take care not to give them exercise, not to touch him in a tender point. If he give you an undeserved reproof take it patiently; 'answer not again,' but wait until the mood has passed by before you tell him how much he has pained you; and be sure this forbearance will produce more of the sorrow 'that leads to repentance' than anything else could do."

Those who read the book will find that Mrs. Sedgwick does not uphold the doctrine of *slavish* subservency on the part of the wife, nor would she have her existence to be wholly merged in that of her husband; but she considers the contract to be for the mutual advantage of both parties, whose interest should be inseparable, who are dependent equally on one another for sympathy and help through life, and whose natures should supply to each other what individually he or she most needs, that by their union they may become more perfect. The next

chapter in due course of succession is on maternity, and here again good sense and practical wisdom are everywhere manifest. After strongly inculcating upon mothers the importance of the child's physical training, of using every possible endeavor to make him a fine animal, she observes:

"God has placed in the mother's heart a deep well of tenderness. Is this alone sufficient for her needs? Far from it. She must have, besides, wisdom, patience, self-denial, forbearance, and a deep sense of responsibility."

"Mothers crave admiration for their children. The best way by far to render them pleasing is to make them good, reasonable, and considerate. This does not belong to a very high class of motives; but God permits us to be influenced by all which are not positively unworthy. I have already spoken of the importance and duty of cultivating good manners in them, which is really quite an essential part of their moral training. An ill-governed child is never well-mannered; he cannot be, for good manners imply some degree of reverence or respect for others, which he has not—self-restraint, which he has not—consideration, which he has not—and a spirit of self-renunciation, of which he is, almost as a matter of course, incapable. Has it never occurred to you when you have seen a mature human being perpetually self-absorbed, living, thinking, acting with almost exclusive reference to himself, what a poor fool he is, and what a contemptible appearance he makes?"

Mrs. Sedgwick strongly deprecates the habit, so common with parents, of repeating in the presence of children the smart sayings, and—to them—wondrous exploits of the little creatures whose vanity is fed by the recital; nor is she less severe in her disapprobation of those parents who urge their children to an undue exertion of their mental faculties in order to minister to their own self-conceit. A proper discipline—which may be perfectly well maintained without severity—is requisite with regard to the food of children, who are generally better satisfied when compelled to refrain from what would be injurious, and to eat that which is allotted to them, than when they are allowed to select what they like, at any time they please, and never really know what they want. They are always, as this lady wisely remarks, "craving for something more and something different."

"Oh, ye parents (says Mrs. S.), you cannot always save your children from everything hard to bear and difficult or disagreeable to do—that is, from the only things most essential to their well-being. Fortunately they cannot escape the discipline of life; but, oh what infinite wrong you do them by pursuing a course which so completely unfits them to meet it! In any case, where the results of your indulgent treatment have been finally overcome in part, at least, it is because your children, by very hard effort in after life, have done that for themselves which you ought to have done for them, but failed to do because you loved yourselves too well."

The truth of all Mrs. Sedgwick's remarks is so apparent that, as we read, it strikes us with wonder that thoughts which seem to be so familiar and yet so valuable should not have been published in a similar form long ago; and yet with all the voluminous works on education, and on moral, mental, and physical training, we cannot point to one containing the useful suggestions to be met with in this little book; nor do we now remember an author who displays so clear an insight into the causes which operate adversely to the progress of the rising generation, nor one who more fearlessly adopts the sometimes unpleasant task of speaking unpalatable truths for the ultimate good of the great human family.

The authoress justly complains of parents who fall into the fatal delusion of mistaking love for themselves for love of their children, and who resent any criticism upon their conduct, even from those whose position gives them a right to express censure. As an evidence of this wilful blindness, Mrs. S. relates the following:

"A pupil of mine once reported of herself to some fellow-pupils something very bad, which I thought her parents ought to know, and which had occurred, according to her own account, before she came to me. When I related this to her father he declared himself certain that she had never said it. The next day I was requested to meet the mother and daughter at their own house. The mother, in presence of her child, talked a long time to convince me it was a thing which never could have happened by any possibility, and then, of course, came the denial of the child. How was there any chance for her to utter the truth! After a solemn appeal I then made to her not to burden her conscience with a lie, she said, 'Well, what I told was something that happened when I was a little girl.' 'What, when we lived in—?' 'Yes.' 'Well, that was when you were only four years old.' Then turning to me the mother continued: 'Surely, Mrs. S., you could not lay up against a child anything done at so early a period.' She took no notice whatever of the fact that at first the child had denied the whole thing, and then admitted it, referring to a very early period. It was evident to me that her anxiety was not so much that her child should be free from offence as that she should seem to be so. The father was angry, the mother civil, but said: 'Of course, hereafter, I shall think it best to keep my child under my own care.'"

We are aware of having somewhat stretched our privileges in making rather numerous quotations, but the

excellence of the work induced us to transfer so large a portion of it to our columns; we must, however, assure our readers that we have not extracted all the plums, for there are words of wisdom scattered over every page, and we commend the volume to their earnest consideration.

JOAN OF ARC.*

WHILE history bears testimony to the valor, the heroic deeds, and wonderful achievements of the poor shepherd girl who is known to all posterity as "the Deliverer of France," her countrymen have permitted four centuries and a half to pass over before rendering to her character and memory that tardy justice to a sense of which they are slowly awakening.

Superior to the age in which she lived, she nevertheless stood forth a representative of the religious enthusiasm, the prodigious valor and loyalty, and the patriotic devotion which still lingered in France even after the days of chivalry had departed. Her history is the record of a beautiful and exalted soul, in which the serenity and rapture of a devotee were strangely blended with the courage and manly daring of a hero. Impelled by inward influences to the accomplishment of the divine mission to which she believed herself to be called, strengthened and sustained throughout her short but perilous career by a sense of heavenly inspiration, pure in mind, free from the most remote suspicion of self-interest, devoted to France and its monarch, she overcame all obstacles and went boldly forward to the achievement of her great task, uncertain of the fate awaiting her, of what form of suffering she might be called upon to bear, but with an ever present consciousness of impending doom, of early death, of inevitable martyrdom to come.

Crécy and Poitiers preceded Joan's birth, but England's victory at Agincourt, while she was yet a child, awakened anew the bitter feeling of hostility existing between the rival nations, and the dauphin was about abandoning the struggle and yielding up his country as a province to England when he was saved by the timely help of this inspired heroine. She heard a voice which cried to her, "Joan, arise! go to the succor of the dauphin. Restore to him his kingdom of France." She applied first to the Lord of Baudricourt, the king's captain at Vaucouleurs, telling him that the king should be crowned at Rheims, and advising that he should not give battle to the enemy, adding that she was sent by heaven to inform him of speedy succor.

He prudently referred the matter to the clergy—the right tribunal, he said, to judge of supernatural cases. He also consulted the curate of Vaucouleurs, who went with him to visit Joan. The curate, that his presence might be more impressive, put on his priestly garments—his armor against the tempter. He assumed an air of great solemnity, exorcised the evil spirits, and warned her to withdraw her claims if she were in communion with Satan. But the only spirits that possessed Joan were piety and patriotism. She underwent the priestly ordeal without giving offence either to the curate or the warrior. They left her deeply interested but perplexed.

She was soon after this sent with an escort to the dauphin, who was at once prepossessed in her favor, as were likewise the princesses and the whole court. The knights presented her with war horses, and taught her how to keep her seat in the saddle, and every one admired the strength, courage, and grace she displayed. But still the dauphin hesitated to express his belief in her inspiration, and it was resolved that she should be sent to Poitiers to be examined by the university and the parliament. According to Southey, she "appall'd the doctors." But however that might be, it is certain that they seemed to consider that nothing short of a miracle could save France at this time, and they decided that nothing was impossible to God, and that there were examples in the Bible which might authorize a girl to fight in the armor of a man to save her country. The whole account of Joan's military career is charmingly narrated in the volume before us, more especially that portion which describes the liberation of Orleans, then beleaguered by the English; the battle at La Beauce; the taking of Troyes; and, finally, the coronation of the dauphin at Rheims:

"Charles was the monarch of the realm; but Joan was the palladium of the people. The soldiers knelt and kissed her standard. The women touched her with their little children as they would a sacred relic. But an unwonted sadness seemed to fill her, and she wept. 'In the name of God' said she to the bastard (Dunois), who was standing beside her, 'here is a good and devoted people; and when I die, I hope it may be among them.' 'Joan,' said Dunois, 'do you know when and where you will die?'

"'Whenever it pleases God,' she replied; 'but I know neither the time nor place. Oh! that it were the will of my Creator that I should lay down my arms, and return to my father and mother, to tend their flocks with my brothers.' Thus she began to feel those foreshadowings

* *Joan of Arc: A Biography. Translated from the French. By Sarah M. Grimké. Boston: Adams & Co. 1867.*

* *A Talk with my Pupils. By Mrs. Charles Sedgwick. New York: James Miller. 1867.*

of the future which oppress the spirit of the hero after the crisis of his destiny has passed, the ascent to glory and to victory; when the last of the tragedy is foreseen, the descent from the Mount of Transfiguration, and the funeral pyre of the martyr."

She continued to serve her country in battle, and was at last made prisoner by the Burgundians and surrendered to the English. The Bishop of Beauvais demanded that she should be delivered up to the Church for trial, and, as he was sold to English interests, his request was speedily complied with. Her trial at Paris must ever remain a lasting disgrace upon the French people, an indelible record of their ingratitude and cruelty. Valiantly but hopelessly did she contend with her infamous accusers through her long and unjust trial, resolute to repel calumny, and protesting against the proceedings of her enemies, by whom she felt herself to be foredoomed.

"The monk Isambert announced to her the decree condemning her to the stake. 'Alas! alas!' she cried, raising her chained hands in an agony of grief, 'will they treat me so cruelly? I had rather be beheaded seven times than to be burned alive. Oh, my God! To thee I appeal from the injustice of the sufferings which are heaped upon me!'

"They granted her as a last favor the communion of the dying in her dungeon. The inmates of the castle and the bishop were present at this solemn feast. On perceiving him, she said in a tone of gentle reproach: 'Bishop, I die through you.'

The martyrdom of Joan of Arc took place in 1431. Monsieur Michelet informs us that "the pile struck terror by its height," and our author says that the sight of this innocent and beautiful but devoted girl drew tears even from her stern judges, and—what appears to be incredible—from the infamous bishop himself.

"Deep silence succeeded to the tumult of the exasperated crowd. It seemed as though this tempestuous sea of men was suddenly stilled to catch the last sigh of the expiring martyr. A cry of agony issued from the flames; they had caught her dress and hair. 'Water! water!' she cried; it was the last instinct of nature. Enveloped by the flames which swept round her like a whirlwind, confused words alone escaped her lips. . . . Her head fell forward upon her breast; 'Jesus!' she sighed, and her great soul returned to God who gave it."

To Lamartine and Henri Martyn we are informed that Miss Grimké is indebted for the materials of this sketch, and that it is in the main a free translation from the work of the former. From whatever source derived, it reflects the highest credit upon the lady, to whom the public is indebted for an exquisitely poetical and sympathetic biography. The portrait of the heroine, which faces the frontispiece, is remarkably beautiful, earnest, and impressive, and the little volume is presented by its publishers in a tasteful and attractive dress.

LIBRARY TABLE.

The Volary: A Narrative Poem. By James D. Hewett. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1867.—Rarely do we open a volume where there is at once so much to praise and so much to blame, where the praise goes so much to the matter and the blame to the manner, as in this. Crude, careless, slovenly, inartistic, full of solecisms and extravagances, it still shows marks of decided and unusual talent and bears a germ of promise that, with a more cultivated taste and maturer thought, may one day ripen into the fruition of noble achievement. We take it as a good sign in a first work when the "promise still outruns the deed." Precocious perfection is apt to be exhausted in its first effort, to wither like the premature anemones of faithless spring.

The story of *The Volary* is neither very striking nor very new. Rudiger—an ambitious youth who holds that

"Fame is the mightiest rock in life's great main,
Toward which brave souls, like emulous swimmers, strain"—
loves and is beloved by Sybilla, a maid who is

"Content to live well blessed in love, and deem
The labor for the great ends that fame crowns
Far nobler than the dazzling crown itself."

But ambition triumphs over love, and, with many tender caresses and solemn vows, they part. Rudiger becomes the Volary of the "sun-eyed image, Fame," and the protégé of a statesman who has a daughter Adelaide,

"—proud as Juno, with
A face and form of regal beauty such
As painters hush when they'd depict a queen."

This young lady, as a matter of course, falls desperately in love with our hero, visits him in his room and receives him at midnight in her boudoir, with a high-bred scorn of conventionalities, where they discuss love and metaphysics until at last, in a moment of passion, he forgets his plighted troth and pops the question. When

"—o'er the summer morning of her heart
Broke on Sybilla the confirmed report
That Rudiger had wedded Adelaide,"

she naturally feels badly—so badly that

"The light of joy
Ne'er shone within those violet eyes again,
Not that she never smiled again; her lips
Were slow to lose their native habitude;
But the sweet eyes were loyal to her grief."

feminine curiosity and discovering a suspicious-looking curl of hair, gets mad,

"—and, with a short choke, broke the seal."

What she reads prolongs the choke materially, and poor Rudiger has a most unpleasant time of it when he gets home. In fact, he finds the house too hot to hold him. Reading Sybilla's letter, he is smitten by remorse and despair and rushes away. For three years he wanders over sea and land vainly seeking to lay the spectre of conscience, till at last a mysterious Sage appears who reminds him that he ought to be at home taking care of his wife. So he returns, but Adelaide, with a proper degree of spirit, declines to receive him unless he can assure her that love not duty brings him back. Unable to do this, he resolves to "dissimulate no more," and enters a religious order, where,

"Among devout and pious men, whose work
Was one of earnest, patient ministry
In the uncleanest haunts of sin and shame,

He fathomed now the mighty truth that Love—
Love, the sole axis on which earth is swung—
Is the prime essence of the Deity,
And Intellect subservient to Love;
And that true glory is to serve and bleed,
If need be, in Love's blessed cause; and that
Love's triumph and Love's honors are life's best;
Her service noblest, sweetest; her reward
Completed joy and an immortal crown."

Such is the story in which Mr. Hewett has managed to concentrate most of the vices of Alexander Smith's earliest and worst manner. He shows the same predilection for the imagery of seas and skies, stars and flowers—the same straining after metaphorical brilliancy without so frequent success in attaining it—the same extravagance of expression; and Napoleon and Josephine fill in *The Volary* the rôles of Antony and Cleopatra in *The Life Drama*. Mr. Hewett, indeed, out-Abbotts Abbott in his devotion to the "child of glory," as he fondly but floridly styles the emperor; while as for Josephine—

"Seraphs can boast of no diviner thrill
Than in her sumptuous clasp the Conqueror knew."

At times this general imitation of manner betrays itself in a resemblance of thought; as, where he says of Rudiger,

"A glad thought blazed like a far-piercing star
In either eye" (p. 58),

he seems to have had in mind Smith's line—

"The while the thoughts rose in her eyes like stars."

Smith's "comet far splendoring the sleepy realms of night" is repeated in Mr. Hewett's "star far rending space with its refulgent ray" (p. 51); and again, the former having found in his "rhyme an adumbration of man's life," Mr. Hewett is reminded that the procession of the flowers "is an adumbration of man's soul" (p. 59). We acquit Mr. Hewett of intentional plagiarism; but this unconscious adaptation of thought proves, we think, how closely he has studied the author of *The Life Drama*. But he has faults of his own with which that poet is not fairly chargeable. His style is corrupted by frequent Latinisms, as "aurate halo," "tenebrious feet," "occulted hoard," "rapturists," "perfectitude," "falsitude," "petrean figure," "igneous eye," "sermiceorous clod," "stridulous jar," and the like. His grammar, at times, is faulty, as in the passage—

"Of much world wisdom, than which nothing else
Will age the countenance of man so soon" (p. 26);

and in the repeated use of *thou* and *you* in the same sentence. His versification is often rugged and slovenly, as in the lines—

"And she superb in beauty; but, *phew!*" (p. 42),
which reads like Artemus Ward—

"The surge, that all her being its flood" (p. 58), etc.

Alexandrine and rhymed couplets are of continual recurrence. The verse endings are too often unimportant monosyllables connecting with the succeeding verse, as in this:

"And conscious of her transient empire, the
Enchantress" (p. 53);

finally, his metaphors are sometimes confused,

"And one lone ship, like his unresting soul,
At anchor in the harbor of despair" (p. 58);

not seldom forced, ignoble, or repulsive,

"Wield not your spade of unbelief to root
From her heart's soil its native growth of faith" (p. 94);

"You cannot now see clearly through
The loathsome film and scabs with which disease
Stops up your eyes" (p. 107);

"Like the base doltish fisherman who bolts
With sensual greed the savory mussel, and
Drops with the shell the perfect pearl, I seized
The tempting morsel of ambition's bait
And past recall lost love's divine *repat*" (p. 122).

But these are doubtless faults and inexperience, to vanish with increase of art. And to offset them Mr. Hewett gives us many passages of real merit, from which our space will permit us to make fewer quotations than we could wish:

"Renown survives heroic lives, as rays
Of stars, long after they are blotted out
From space, are visible to mortal eyes" (p. 6);

"—neath that look, as bounds an eager steed
Who feels his rider's lash, the fiery blood
Leapt to her cheek and dashed across her face" (p. 35);

"—flowers teach
Humility and patience—for though man
Crush their frail forms beneath his heavy tread,
From their bowed heads still sweeter perfumes rise—
Their only murmur is their fragrance" (p. 58);

"—enough
The foot-fall of the lightest word to start
Down from the soul's high lonely mountain tops
An avalanche of memory" (p. 95);

"How beautiful the heavens in every phase!

But, oh! most solemn, beautiful, sublime
When the high hush of starlight resteth there,
And Night, with muffled sandals, paces on
Her noiseless way through her mute, mystic realm

Still, still old Night, thou speakest of thy God,
In two mysterious attributes of Him,
Silence and Mystery, which are of Him;

Thou teachest us to voice these thoughts to Him,
Thy words are worlds, an universe thy thought,
And space a page made eloquent by thee" (p. 101);

"He stood alone so near the heavens, he deemed
He felt the winds that blow among the stars" (p. 112).

The description of a spring morning on page 24 and of "Eve's bridal night" on page 66 are also quite good, but too long to quote.

While we do not think Mr. Hewett entitled on the evidence of this volume alone to the divine name of poet, it is yet so good as to warrant us in encouraging him to proceed in that path that leads to the stars, and in looking forward with interest to his next venture. He has, however, a great deal to learn and much to unlearn. Though the poet may be born, it is only by long and severe discipline and study that he attains the art which makes language the vehicle of genius.

Sybil's Second Love. By Julia Kavanagh. New York: D Appleton & Co. 1867.—This is an old-fashioned novel, easily written, easy to read, not descending into the tragic depths of human suffering, but treating of the checks, changes, mortifications, and delights that fall to the lot of a heroine of seventeen. Sybil Kennedy is not remarkable in any way except for being very truthful and straightforward, and she comes home from school at Brompton to her father's house on the western coast of France expecting to find every one as honest as herself, and, of course, goes through the usual and sad process of attaining to worldly wisdom by bitter experience of falsehood. Her father is a mysterious Irishman who has bought a picturesque property on the wild sea-coast in order to build mills and make rape oil; not a very romantic business in itself, but carried on in quite a dramatic way by Mr. Kennedy, who jerks on and off the scene in a manner highly suggestive of *marionnettes*, and apparently actuated by similar motives. All the people come and go in the same jerky way, and poor Sybil is surrounded by an atmosphere of mystery. All to whom she clings in turn deceive her. An uncle who appeared suddenly, claimed relationship, and taught her to love him, confesses that he is no uncle, but a friend who has assumed that position for some unexplained reason; her friend Blanche, whom she worships and invites to come from school and share her home, does so, treats her deceitfully, and steals away her lover. Finally, Mr. Kennedy runs off with Blanche, who returns in triumph to rule over her early friend as a step-mother. At last the pseudo-uncle makes his peace with Sybil, becomes her "second love," they are married and the tables are turned on the artful Blanche. Blanche Cains, the penniless beauty, is a very well drawn character, but at last she is distorted to serve the exigency of the plot. There is no reason why she should not be kind to Sybil, whom she really likes in her selfish way, after she has succeeded in marrying her father; and such a pleasure-loving, indolent nature would rather seek to retain the love that had in past times smoothed over so many rough places and offered up such grateful homage, and would, at any rate, only be passively indifferent, not actively revengeful:

"Mrs. Kennedy's feelings were too blunt for her anger against Sybil to rise very high. But she was displeased, and her displeasure was akin to dislike. She was a sort of heathen in her way. Not a devout pagan, like Socrates; nor one that subdued his passions, like Scipio; nor yet such a heathen as Lucretia, who could not survive dishonor. No; but she belonged to that countless multitude who have ever been, and will continue to be till time is dead. She was one of those who make gods, small or mighty, of their passions, according to the strength and measure of their nature—for whom the tables of the law were never written, for whom Christ died in vain. Customs—circumstances—hedge in the majority of these from great crimes or weighty sins; many behave pretty much like Christians, and call themselves such. But watch them closely; see how their eager, sensuous natures grasp at every pleasure; how they will not tempt temptation. The smallest sacrifice of self is intolerable. The greatest is never thought of. They cannot do it; and they neither admire nor love the foolish ascetic who conquers the flesh and lays his quivering heart bare beneath God's hand. Why punish one's self so? Was not life given for enjoyment?"

However she is made actively bad in order to wind up the story. Miss Kavanagh philosophizes gently and offers cheerful little views of life through the lips of an elderly relative of Sybil's.

"You see, my dear," kindly continued Mrs. Meesh, "happiness is no abstract, unchanging truth. What would make you happy now might make you wretched ten years hence; youth is made to wish and dream, and life to deny youth's dreams and wishes. And thank God it is so, else what a world of quietness and passion and restlessness would this be. You say I am never dull—I will add that I am happy; but when I was seventeen, how I would have scorned my present happiness, how I would have annihilated it if I could! Truly I may bless Providence that I was denied my will at that early season and compelled to follow a road that I hated—no pleasant one, my dear, but a path full of briars, and where many a time I stopped foot-sore and bleeding."

Such a book, which leaves the deep waters of life untroubled, is not very interesting to young people, who desire to anticipate by their imaginations the strife and suffering which have not yet reached their hearts. But sometimes those who are passing through the struggle, who are facing the terrible realities of life, turn away from the writer who touches on them too closely, and seek rather repose and a gentle distraction from unquiet thought. To such we recommend *Sybil's Second Love*.

Mosby and his Men: a Record of the Adventures of that Renowned Partisan Ranger, John S. Mosby (Colonel C. S. A.) By J. Marshall Crawford, of Company B. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co. 1867.—This is an exceedingly poor, flimsy, and trashily-written story of events whose history might worthily employ able, scholarly, and brilliant pens. It is truly unfortunate, in view of the vast importance of the military events in this country during the past five years, and considering that there are beyond question plenty of cultivated gentlemen in the South capable of describing them from the southern point of view, that, with the exception of Mr. Cooke's *Life of Stonewall Jackson* and some few other books, scarcely any should appear but such as disgrace the southern cause and the southern intellect by their weakness, baldness, and total want of literary merit. We have not the least doubt but that Mr. Crawford was a capital

sabreur, and his sketches, indifferent as they are, exhibit in general a modest and temperate spirit and a philosophical disposition to accept the situation as decided by the arbitrament of war. But beyond the fact that he was a member of Col. Mosby's command we see absolutely no reason whatever in this book why he should write its history. The evil of such books is patent and undeniable. Besides flooding an already overburdened market with trash and discrediting the publisher's repute, they throw a vulgar and commonplace air over the most dashing, vivid, and attractive incidents of the war, which would be certain in good time to be adequately portrayed by capable hands, and thus to supply worthy additions to the history of events which lent lustre to the southern arms and will always be interesting to the entire nation. To make such incidents stale, threadbare, and, so far as an uneducated and paltry style can make them so, contemptible to the eye of the world, is something more than a blunder. Either Mr. Crawford or his publisher should have placed his MS. in reasonably competent hands, so that, if publication were determined upon, the record might at least have been made inoffensive to grammar if not to good taste. As it stands, the best wish that we can offer is that it may speedily be forgotten. These observations may be thought too severe, and we would surely prefer at any time to praise rather than to blame, but the following extract, which is a fair sample of the author's manner, will afford our readers the opportunity to judge whether we have done more than our duty either to him or to themselves. The passage is descriptive of Mr. Crawford's first interview with his chief, and is written, plainly, in perfect good faith:

"Mosby was plainly yet neatly clad in Kentucky jeans, and sat quietly picking his dental plugs with a jack-knife. His carriage is active, easy, and graceful; his affable, genial manners are calculated to win favorable impressions. In speech he is somewhat taciturn; but his words roll forth with a gentle fluency and decision, and reach the ear in mellow cadence. He is about five feet high; features indicate weight of character and firmness; honest face, sharp blue eyes, aquiline nose, light hair, and prominent forehead. In a word, Mosby possesses innate, refined, and delicate sensibilities, and is, by cultivation and education, an elegant, polished gentleman."

This endorsement has its value, no doubt; but the adventures of that dashing light horse of the Confederacy which inflicted so much damage on the North and helped so greatly to prolong the war have yet to find a historian.

Tuckerman's Papers about Paris. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 1867.—Nothing could be more opportune than the publication at this time of Mr. Tuckerman's able and instructive *Papers about Paris*; they are the production of a keen and skilful observer, of an independent thinker, of a clear, sound, and sensible writer. Of the thousands who are now flocking to the great Exhibition but few will be disappointed. The main object of the greater number of these persons, who follow sheep-like in the beaten track, is not so much to see Paris as to meet their countrymen and be seen there by them. What care they to explore the nooks and crannies consecrated in the history of past ages? The marvels of art, the sacred dust of martyred royalty, the tombs where rest the heroes, statesmen, and philosophers of the land are not the attractions which bring the visitor to-day to the French capital; he comes to see the Exhibition, the new boulevards and the gorgeous but painfully new buildings, the dazzling glitter of the *parvenu* court, from which the old *regime* is banished; in fine, he comes to see Paris divested of all that was interesting in the olden time, like a house abandoned for a period to uncleanly company, in which the rightful owners can find no comfort until the revellers shall have departed. In describing a ball at the Tuilleries, the author says:

"The company is a sign of the times. The most prominent individuals are ambassadors, members of the Bonaparte family, and strangers with no interest in the scene except as a pastime. The elements of civic society represented are mainly finance and war; not one of the old noblesse, no great author, and few generals with a European reputation are discoverable; the best blood and brain of the kingdom are at the chateaux, in exile, or secluded in domestic or learned retirement. The handsome face of Marshal Ney's son, the bizarre costume of the Duke of Buckingham, the ancestor of wealth, Rothschild, the delicate beauty of a score of fair Americans, and the enormous display of jewels on the persons of fat dames, whose manners suggest that the palace circle is new to them, are the salient features of the assembly. The whole lacks the subdued polish of a less accidental prestige; one can read a sense of independence rather than of privilege in the bearing of many. The guests, though restrained by the courtesy that always rules a French assemblage, betray little deference and much well-bred nonchalance. Curiosity, not respect, is evidently the prevalent feeling. The dancers give themselves little trouble to recognize any meaning in the entertainment except that of a public ball. The loungers act as if they had paid for their tickets. The free and easy style of republicanism somewhat incongruously blends with regal appointments. It is more like a democratic levee than an imperial reception; and amid the splendor, it is impossible to glance around without encountering something very *blasé* or decidedly *parvenu*."

A careful perusal of this work will materially assist the reader in understanding the French character, and in judging of the changes through which society has passed under rapidly succeeding dynasties. A report of the "advisory committee" on American contributions to the Universal Exposition of 1867 has been appended by the publisher, and will be found to prove a useful addition to this pleasant little volume.

Western Incidents Connected with the Union Pacific Railroad. By Silas Seymour, Consulting Engineer U. P. R.R. Second edition. New York: D. Van Nostrand, 1867.—This little volume, which is chiefly a reprint from the columns of *The New York Times*, consists of the story of a trip made through the Great Platte Valley to the Rocky Mountains and Laramie Plains in the fall of 1866; together with an account of the celebrated Pacific Railroad excursion, which extended to the one hundredth meridian of longitude. Col. Seymour's sketches are written in an unpretending and off-hand style and contain much fragmentary information which will be read with interest and instruction. Few among us even now realize, amid the whirl and confusion of crowding events,

that in all human probability five years hence will see New York and San Francisco united by a continuous line of railway, and that less than six days will then suffice to perform the journey between them. To read a book which tells of a morning newspaper printed in the Platte Valley, beyond the one hundredth meridian, where, while the Pawnees were dancing their wild dances, the composers were setting up a description of the scene (*vide* Mr. Wade's speech, p. 122), and the telegraph was communicating to the Atlantic seaboard an account of the curious incident, is well calculated to remind us very vividly of how far our enterprising countrymen have gone towards accomplishing what may, perhaps, be called the most stupendous civil achievement of the nineteenth century. It is strange, indeed, to think of such appliances being carried into the heart of a wilderness which a few short years ago—in the days of Lewis and Clark—was literally a *terra incognita*. A comparison of the records of the two eras will furnish food for wonder and speculation which will almost exceed similar emotions excited by the stupendous events of our great civil war, if, in truth, they do not throw them into the shade. Such books as this of Col. Seymour have real value, even if hastily put together, and should be read by all who wish to keep abreast of the progress made in our most important national enterprise.

An Inquiry into the Origin of Modern Anesthesia. By the Hon. Truman Smith, etc. Hartford: Brown & Gross, 1867.—It is no business of ours to enter into the controversy existing relative to the claims of the contestants for the honor of having discovered anesthesia. As in most quarrels of the kind, the truth probably is, that all the claimants are entitled to a portion of the credit, and that consequently no one of them has a right to it all. Mr. Smith strenuously urges the justice of Dr. Wells's claim, but, not content with this, indulges in the severest possible denunciations of the other contestants. He therefore makes himself more of a partisan than he should, and frequently loses sight of the point at issue to heap abuse on Drs. Morton and Jackson. In looking over Mr. Smith's book, we do not perceive that he has added any facts to the knowledge on the subject which the medical profession already possesses, and which has enabled its members to form their opinions in regard to the matters in controversy. We do not believe that many physicians and surgeons will dissent from the following views:

- 1st. That Dr. Horace Wells discovered that nitrous oxide gas was possessed of anesthetic properties.
 - 2d. That Dr. W. T. G. Morton obtained a knowledge of this fact from the discoverer.
 - 3d. That, two years subsequently to Dr. Wells's discovery, Dr. Morton introduced the use of sulphuric ether as a substitute for nitrous oxide gas.
 - 4th. That surgeons prefer to use this agent as a more convenient anesthetic than the nitrous oxide.
- These conclusions, we believe, embody the main facts in the case. Dr. Wells, therefore, discovered anesthesia, and Dr. Morton made it practicable for surgical use.

Lessons upon the Diagnosis and Treatment of Surgical Diseases, delivered in the Month of August, 1865, by Prof. Velpeau, etc. Corrected and edited by A. Regnaud. Translated by W. C. B. Fildes, M.D. Boston: James Campbell, 1866.—We must confess to a prejudice against this book, not on account of the veteran surgeon who delivered the lectures which enter into its composition and who deservedly stands in the front rank of those who cultivate surgery, but by reason of the fact that the very title shows that the translator is unqualified to put French into an English dress. He ought to know that the French word "*leçons*," used in the title of the original, could not, by any process of twisting or conversion, signify anything else in that place than "*lectures*." In looking through the book we find some valuable matter for which Dr. Fildes is not responsible, and a great deal of rubbish which fairly belongs to him. For the word *callus*, Dr. Fildes writes *callosus* (p. 13); for *glands*, *gland* (p. 86). A similar mistake occurs on page 87. There are several other fully as ridiculous errors. The concluding paragraph of the work would puzzle a soothsayer to divine its meaning: "Put yourselves, then, to the work. Know, moreover, that the only source of success, that which never fails, is above all labor, consecrated to science and particularly to medicine, where rendering yourselves useful to yourselves and to your fellow-creatures you will pursue the realization of a progress whose termination is infinite."

Inhalations in the Treatment of Diseases of the Respiratory Passages, particularly as Effected by the Use of Atomized Fluids. By J. M. Da Costa, M.D., etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.—This essay was originally published in the September and October numbers of *The New York Medical Journal*, and is now reprinted in order to supply a demand for the memoir in a more convenient form than the pages of a periodical afford.

Whatever Dr. Da Costa does, he does well, and the present little volume from his pen is no exception to this statement. He has evidently fulfilled the object he had in view with great completeness, and has, consequently, given the profession an essay which all who treat diseases of the air passages can peruse with interest and satisfaction. The materials were gathered from actual experience during the author's term of service in the Pennsylvania Hospital, of which institution he is one of the attending physicians. There is no guess-work nor reasoning from insufficient data, but all the statements made are supported by ample evidence. The volume is illustrated by numerous well-executed woodcuts, and the publishers have performed their part in a highly creditable manner. We trust that this little book may be the forerunner of a more complete treatise on the same and kindred subjects from Dr. Da Costa's pen.

A Tale of Two Cities. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1867.—This, the third volume of the Messrs. Peterson's new edition of Dickens, leaves little to be desired in the way of an inexpensive and readable set of these books. Paper and typography are excellent, the binding handsome, and the illustrations, which, we believe, were originally prepared by Mr. McLennan for *Harper's Weekly*, are a vast improvement upon the shabby English designs of *Our Mutual Friend* and *David Copperfield*. Altogether, for a cheap edition, a more satisfactory one than this cannot be desired.

The Rev. Mr. Sourball's European Tour; or, The Recollections of a City Parson. By Horace Cope. Philadelphia: Duffield Ashmead. 1867.—Inspired apparently by the very funny burlesque illustrations of the school of Doyle, Toppler, and Leech, Mr. Cope has depicted the experience of a city parson in procuring leave of absence for a European trip, and his journey with his family. The illustrations are lithographic, and in some instances passably executed. Generally, however, the workmanship is as coarse as the humor, and the whole thing silly in the extreme.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—A Journey to Ashango-land, By Paul B. Du Chailu. With maps and illustrations. Pp. xxiv. 501. 1867.
- G. W. CARLETON & Co., New York.—The Votary: A Narrative Poem. By James D. Hewitt. Pp. 123. 1867.
- WM. MCSONLEY & Co., New York.—The Irish Brigade and its Campaigns. By Captain D. P. Conyngham, A.D.C. Pp. 69. 1867.
- T. B. PETERSON & Bros., Philadelphia.—A Tale of Two Cities, By Charles Dickens. Illustrated. Pp. 166. 1867.
- M. DOUGLASS, New York.—The Silver Head. The Double Deceit. Comedies. By Laughton Osborn. Pp. 263. 1867.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Terra Maris: or, Threads of Maryland Colonial History. By Edward D. Neill. Pp. 306. 1867.
- G. P. PUTNAM & Son, New York.—Lectures on Natural Theology: or, Nature and the Bible from the same Author. By F. A. Chadbourn, A.M., M.D. Pp. 320. 1867.
- DICK & FITZGERALD, New York.—Stages of Washington. By J. Conburn Adams, Capt. With illustrations by A. W. Ward. Pp. 120. 1867.
- Put Lovington: Yarns spun by a Natral Born Darn'd Fool, Warped and Wove for Public Wear. By George W. Harris. Pp. 999.
- PAMPHLETS, ETC.
- E. P. DUTTON & Co., Boston.—The American Church Catholic, By Rev. James A. Hoiles, D.D. Pp. 39. 1867.
- WM. M. FRANKLIN, New York.—Two Victorias: A New England Idyll. By Joseph Anderson. Pp. 30. 1867.
- BRADLEY & Co., New York.—Headle's Dialogues. No. V. Pp. 94. Headle's Base Ball Player. Pp. 96.
- Thirteenth Annual Report of the State Commissioner of Common Schools of the State of Ohio for the year ending August 31, 1866. The School Question in the United States, an address by Hon. John J. Monell.
- We have also received the American Law Review for April and the church Monthly for April—Boston; The Physiological Journal, April; The Galaxy, April 15, and Demorest's Monthly for May—New York; and Home Monthly, April, Nashville.

LITERARIANA.

"ONLY last Sabbath," writes the author in his note accompanying the following lines, "I buried a young wife whose remains her husband and parents brought from the prairie of Indiana to lay them to rest under the Berkshire hills. Almost her last request was that she might not be buried without flowers upon her coffin."

BURY ME NOT WITHOUT SWEET FLOWERS.

Bury me not without sweet flowers,
Though "neath the snow I'm laid to sleep,
Where violets still their amethyst keep,
And March winds shake the bowers.

Amid the hills, far, far away,
That guard my childhood's happy vale—
I plead with breath whose pulses fail—
You'll rest my lifeless clay.

And though the wild arbutus fling
No tender flush o'er winter's brow
When in the wood you lay me down,
Yet blossoms you must bring.

Buds from the lone love-nurtured rose,
And snow-white hyacinthine bells,
(More meet for me than funeral knells!)
And the pale lily-blows.

These on my coffin thickly strew,
Till white as drifted snow it gleams,
My blanched lips more like life, me seems,
Will smile their pureness through.

They will not die till out of sight
My faded face is put away;
And their sweet mask will change my clay
To something of delight.

Fresh beauty theirs, and mine decay,
Sad eyes may count them most of worth;
Vain thought, sprung, like the flowers, of earth,
Like them to pass away.

For nevermore the withered flowers
Shall ope to light their sleep-sealed eyes;
But the dead form they deck shall rise
And bloom in God's own bowers.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

March 22, 1867.

A MISTAKEN opinion expressed in a recent article is corrected in the following note:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: In an article on *Bookmaking in America*, which appeared in your issue of March 20, we noticed the following statement in relation to the *Globe Shakespeare*:

"A Boston house imported the work, but some two or three thousand are all that have been distributed in the States," etc. We beg to inform you that we contracted for and imported an edition of 10,000 of the *Globe Shakespeare* for the American market.

We have also just received an edition of the *Globe Scott's*—a copy of which we send you—and will soon have a *Globe Edition of Burns*, to which we shall in due time ask your attention.

Very respectfully yours,
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.
PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1867.

THE REV. CHARLES B. BOYNTON, D.D., has prepared, and the Messrs. Appleton are to publish, a very elaborate *History of the Navy during the Rebellion*. The work,

which will fill two octavo volumes and is to be abundantly illustrated with chromotints, wood-cuts, and steel engravings, is of a very different character from the popular works on the war, of which, it seems, no fewer than seven thousand distinct books have been issued. Dr. Boynton has had from the Navy Department all assistance in obtaining exact information from official and other sources, and thus his book may be expected to afford valuable information on the changes in naval architecture and warfare, new forms of ordnance and engines of defence and offence. These topics are to be abundantly illustrated, while the maps, charts, and plans obtained from the government officials will explain the naval achievements more clearly than has ever before been done. The book is to be a handsome and costly one and will be sold, we believe, exclusively by subscription.

AFTER THE STORM.

I.
The spray leaps high on the jutting crag,
But the winds are loud no more;
The tide flows in to the drenched land;
With a mighty sweep, like a giant hand
That is never at rest, the billows drag
The weed from the wreck-strewn shore.

II.
The fisherman's cottage, with slanting eaves,
Stands lonely against the sky;
A crimson light shows out all night,
From the window where gleamed two faces white,
(Oh, phantoms and dreams the darkness weaves!)
Till the storm had thundered by.

III.
But the ways of God are wise and good,
Whether life or death may be;
A cheery wife spreads the morning meal;
Oh, the joyful tears! they will downward steal;
And the father sits, in his old skin hood,
With his children on his knee.

GEORGE COOPER.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROS. are about to add a valuable work to the new contributions to Biblical literature of which we have had recent occasion to speak. The Rev. John McCulloch, D.D., and James Strong, M.T.D., have prepared a *Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature*, which is to fill six royal octavo volumes of a thousand pages each, and to judge from the language of the prospectus, is to be an original work, so far as a work of the kind can be original. It certainly seems calculated to supersede the necessity for a large number of the volumes now needed in a pastor's library.

MR. EDWARD McPHERSON, Clerk of the House of Representatives, is understood to be engaged upon a life of Thaddeus Stevens. Mr. McPherson being an intimate personal friend of Mr. Stevens as well as a thorough-going partisan, his book, however meritorious in other respects, can hardly fail to be an indiscriminating eulogy, pitched in the present high key of party extravagance.

THE REV. JULIUS H. WAHN has transferred to the manuscript collections of the Yale College Library the MSS. and other papers, published and unpublished, of the late James G. Percival, the subject of his recent work.

THE REV. WILLIAM A. SCOTT, D.D., will soon publish, arranged in book form, a series of discourses in refutation of Arianism, Romanism, and others, originally delivered in one of the Presbyterian churches of New York, and founded, we believe, upon the Apostles' Creed.

The following stanzas are sufficiently striking to purchase absolute for a rather pronounced handling of a very delicate subject. The writer's model is palpable enough; but his work is very nearly up to the mark of the poet whom he so evidently admires:

STATUE OF CLEOPATRA.

What! this cold quarry-stuff for Antony's queen!
Marble for fire; the sculptured art of eyes
For that consummate passion that, between
Love and desire, shook kingdoms with her sighs.

Yet thus she might have looked when the red asp
Had sucked the sultry Egypt from her veins;
But not when, love-warm from her warrior's clasp,
The sweet mouth blossomed with the mixed lip-stains.

Those beautiful lips, and bountiful, that crushed
The blood-red out of his own, and clung
With ripe possession till the bosom blushed,
And all the seething senses swayed and swung.

Eyes that smote eyes with blindness, perilous deep
As soundless cisterns of delicious light;
Limbs, lustrous as the lotus-laving sweep
Of the Nile waters when the moon is white.

The sumptuous sense of woman; the rare feast
Of queenly body and voluptuous breath.
To comfort and make glad the enamoured beast
That crawls and basks and bites it to the death.

T.

In St. Patrick's Library, Dublin, have been unearthed numerous papers believed to be in the handwriting of Dean Swift. The library was one of the spots frequented by the satirist, and the most important fragment is described as bearing tokens of his peculiarities in thought and style. *The Pall Mall Gazette* quotes what it holds to be one of the *Houghknem* chapters elided from *Gulliver* from prudential motives, both Bolingbroke and Gay, Swift's friends, being open to the strictures against the turf of which it consists. The papers, otherwise, are of little importance.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & Co. have in preparation two important Oriental books. The first is Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler's *History of India during the Hindu Period*—a work to which the author, aside from his Oriental scholarship, is peculiarly qualified, from his official residence for many years in Calcutta. The materials for his history are indicated in his prospectus as follows:

1st. The religious books of the Hindus, and especially the two great epics, known as the *Mahā Bhārata* and *Rāmāyana*, which may be regarded as the national treasures of all that has been preserved of the history and institutions of the people.

2d. The compilation of Mussulman annals and biographies.

3d. The original records which have been preserved in the several departments of the government of India, and in the record rooms of the local governments, together with the unoffi-

cial travels, narratives, and histories which have been published since the period when the peninsula of India was first explored by adventurers from Europe and elsewhere.

The first of these volumes has probably been published by this time, and two more will appear within a year, bringing the history down to the rise of British power. No time is yet named for the issue of further volumes, which are intended to contain a history of the British administration and a review of the policy of the British government.

The other work is Prof. Max Müller's *Sacred Hymns of the Brahmins* as preserved in the *Rig-Veda-Sanhita*. This will be only a partial translation; for Prof. Müller explains that his twenty years of study and Sāyana's commentaries have as yet served to make large portions "yield no intelligible sense." Eight volumes are to be published, the appearance of the first volume depending upon the rapidity with which subscriptions are made.

"A SINGULAR complaint"—we quote from *The (English) Publishers' Circular*—

"has been made by the editor of *The Hebrew National*, a new weekly journal devoted to the history and literature of the Jewish nation," against the editor of *Webster's Dictionary*. The editor of *The National* has discovered that the word 'Jew' has been inserted in that work in the form of a verb, with the explanation that 'to Jew' means 'to cheat, to defraud, to swindle.' So he found it, he states, 'in the latest edition of *Webster's English Dictionary*, published by Messrs. Bell & Daldy.' 'When we first observed the above interpretation (he adds), it naturally awakened our curiosity to know who it was that started first that novel definition in print; whether Webster copied it from other lexicographers, or he himself discovered and introduced it into his dictionary. Accordingly we consulted Johnson's, Richardson's, Bayley's, and other dictionaries, but in none could we find such a definition; so that we could come to no other conclusion than that Webster was the first malicious author. However, on further research, to our great amazement we traced the original introduction of the definition in question not to Webster, but to the publisher of the last edition of Webster. This is a twofold wrong committed. Not only did the publisher estimate a whole race, but he also grossly wronged Webster by smuggling into his excellent dictionary so mean a verb, and so malicious a definition.' The editor of *The Hebrew National* is not unreasonably angry at finding the race to which he belongs stigmatized in this way; but to us it appears that the editor of Webster has an obvious answer. A compiler of a dictionary has nothing to do with the liberality or illiberality of the usage of words; he has only to determine how they are used, and to record the fact in its proper place. The editor appears to wish even to omit the word 'Jew' altogether, as a nickname and a mere fabrication! But this is to set up a mistaken standard of a lexicographer's duty, which is clearly to include every word really in use, either colloquially or in literature, with the exception, perhaps, of words of a grossly indecent character. That the use of the word referred to is a mere vulgar prejudice, and a insult upon the Hebrew people, we fully acknowledge; but the prejudice and the insult are a fact, and the compiler who undertakes to give a complete dictionary of the language ought not to suppress it. The Jews, or, if our contemporary prefers it, the Hebrews, are rapidly 'living down,' as the phrase is, this unfounded prejudice. And, after all, is the Christian rather than the Jew the one who ought to feel ashamed at finding it recorded in a dictionary of the English language?

As to the exoneration of the editors of Webster, who simply did their duty in recording a word they found in frequent use, we agree with *The Publishers' Circular*, and we hope it is right in believing that the prejudice against the people in question is being 'lived down.' The fact is, however, that in this country—where it would seem the use of the offensive word originated—the popular conception of the word 'Jew' by no means extends to the entire Hebrew race, but is taken to signify that class—chiefly of German nationality—which affects junk-shops, second-hand clothing stores, and other disreputable vocations, and that the word is used to characterize the mode of dealing for which these professions are famous. Against the entire second-hand and pinchebeck jewelry race there is an unconquerable aversion in the American mind; but toward the Hebrews, as such, we believe none such is felt.

AMONG new English books since our last announcement are to be mentioned, *The Life, Letters, and Speeches of Lord Plunket*, with preface by Lord Brougham, edited by the Hon. David Plunket; a *Memoir of General James Oglethorpe, Founder of Georgia*, by R. Wright; *Ireland and her Churches*, Vol. I., by James Godkin; *Religious Life in England*, by Alphonse Esquiros; *Physiology and Pathology of the Mind*, by Henry Maudsley, M.D.; *The Will of the Vatican*, a poem, by Edward Slater; also, novels by Blanche Marryat, Harry Moreland, William Platt, George Grettan, Holme Lee, K. S. Macquoid, Julia Goddard, Mark Lemon.

THE REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT—as we regret to see since we have no small esteem for *The Anglo-American Times* as a staunch friend of this country—is contributing to that journal a series of papers on *The Reconstruction of Europe, as viewed from the other [this] side of the Atlantic*. The first number is adequately described by the stock statement that "it is written in Mr. Abbott's usual vein." The gentleman, by the way, is about to return to this country, having crowned his Napoleonic triumphs by obtaining "an autograph letter from the Emperor giving him permission to present to the Prince Imperial a magnificent work in three volumes on the American Indians."

MR. HEWORTH DIXON has added to the sixth edition of his *New America*, just published, a preface in answer to Father Noyes's criticisms. The Colorado papers, it seems, are very indignant about his description of Denver, which they style libellous, adding, in token, probably, of the civilization of the region, "He will not be likely to venture back here again."

MR. W. CAREW HAZLITT has commenced the publication, in parts, of a *Hand-book to the Popular, Poetical, and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain*. The period covered is from the invention of printing to the time of the Restoration.

MR. RUSKIN—as we learn from the Cambridge correspondence of *The London Review*, which hardly agrees with the recent accounts of his ill health disqualifying him from all work—is to be Rede lecturer at Cambridge next term, Professor Tyndall having been his predecessor. These lectures have hitherto been upon scientific subjects

with the exception of one course—by Prof. Willis—on the history of Trinity College.

ARTEMUS WARD's bust is being made from a posthumous cast by Mr. Edward Gollowski.

MR. M. D. CONWAY has been elected a member of the Savage Club.

THE TRINITY FESTIVAL.

ALL who are interested in high-class music should remember that the festival of the Trinity choir taken place in St. John's chapel on Thursday evening, April 25, and make arrangements to be present upon an occasion which promises to be an exceedingly interesting one. Handel's *Messiah* is to be performed, in aid of the Funds of the Poor of the parish and under the immediate auspices of the rector, clergy, and corporation of Trinity Parish. Miss Brainerd, Miss Sterling, Miss Matilda Phillips, Mr. Perling, and Mr. Thomas will be the principal vocalists, and the band and chorus will consist of nearly three hundred performers, selected from the Philharmonics, the Harmonic Society, and the Mendelssohn Union, and including the choir of Trinity, St. Paul's, St. John's, and Trinity chapel. The performance will be under the direction of the organists of the parish, the conductor being Dr. James Pech; and the entire arrangements will be under the efficient guidance of Rev. Dr. Young, as chairman of the committee of management.

There will be a final chorus rehearsal at 8 o'clock on Thursday evening, April 18, in the large rooms at the rear of St. John's Chapel; and a full rehearsal of both chorus and orchestra at 4 on Wednesday afternoon, April 24. On the morning of the festival, it being the Feast of St. Mark the Evangelist, there will be a full choral service in Trinity Church at 11 o'clock by the united choir of Trinity parish. Tickets for the oratorio, at one dollar each, may be had of either of the sextons of the parish and at various shops in Broadway and elsewhere; and reserved pews, suitable for families, may be obtained of Mr. Andrew Craig, sexton of St. John's, Varick Street, at the clergy office in the rear of the building, from 10 until 4 daily. The forthcoming celebration, apart from that intrinsic worthiness of its object which should appeal to all in the parish who are conscientious and benevolent, will, without doubt, be one of great artistic merit and *celut*, and will probably be the means of drawing together an audience of remarkable brilliancy, culture, and intelligence.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Correspondents of Notes and Queries are reminded that no communications to *The Round Table* will be read by the Editors if they are not authenticated by the writer's signature.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: Mrs. Wm. H. Burleigh, of Brooklyn, is the author of the little poem quoted (incorrectly) in your paper of the 4th ult., by your correspondent "Rue T. Haga." I subjoin a correct version!

"THE SNOW."

"Peacefully, dreamily, slowly,
It comes through the halls of the air,
And falls to the earth like a spirit,
That kneels in its whiteness at prayer!
'Mid the serene leaves she layeth her forehead,
While the forests are murmuring low,
As telling the heads she has brought them,
The beautiful spirit, the Snow."

BROOKLYN, March 20, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: I always supposed Miss Shepard to be the author of *Charles Auchester* and *Counterparts*, but upon the shelves of the bookstore from which I procure your paper is a book published by Peterson & Bros. of Philadelphia, entitled, "*The Matchmaker*," by Beatrice Reynolds, author of *Charles Auchester*, *Counterparts*, etc."

Knowing the interest you take in protecting the public from literary frauds, I would respectfully ask you, if this is one, to expose it through the columns of your paper; if, on the other hand, it is a veritable production of the author of *Counterparts*, I should like to know it. Very respectfully,
PRINCETON, Ill., March 28, 1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

Sir: I wish to say one word with reference to the "brilliant and incisive criticisms," *unconscious* with brilliant incisiveness, which adorned the columns of *The Round Table* last week. The masterly critics who have "edited" us permit me to invite to a careful perusal of a critique of Sir William Hamilton on the *Epistola Obscurorum Virorum*, in *The Edinburgh Review* for March, 1831. See also *Discussions on Philosophy and Literature*, Harper & Brothers, New York. This invitation is not *sarkastical*, but is extended in good faith. Truly yours,
WASHINGTON, March 31, 1867. A. F. R.

THE ROUND TABLE.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 6.

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LOST LABORS, THE FIRST BLUSH OF SPRING,
MAN AND THE MONKEY,
PERSONAL ANTIPATHIES, METROPOLITAN THEATRES,
ALBION PAPERS.

CORRESPONDENCE:

LONDON.

REVIEWS:

STUDIES IN ENGLISH, CALVARY—VIRGINIA,
THE ARTIST'S MARRIED LIFE,
THE WILLO'-THE-WISPS, Etc., SPEECHES OF HENRY
WINTER DAVIS, THE SHENANDOAH,
GERMANY FROM THE BALTIC TO THE ADRIATIC,
AMERICAN FRUIT CULTURIST,
COMBINED SPANISH METHOD, POETICAL WORKS OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, THE MAGAZINES.

MR. CISCO'S LETTER.

MISCELLANEA.

LITERARIANA.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE NEW BANKRUPT LAW.
HARPER & BROTHERS,
 NEW YORK,
 PUBLISH THIS DAY!
THE BANKRUPT LAW OF THE UNITED STATES.
 1867.

With notes, and a collection of American and English Decisions upon the principles and Practice of the law of Bankruptcy. Adapted to the use of the Lawyer and the Merchant. By Edwin James, of the New York bar and one of the framers of the recent English Bankruptcy Amendment Act. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, bevelled edges, \$3 50.

This important work was prepared by Mr. James during the time the legislation in Congress on the subject was proceeding, the main provisions of the law having been carefully supervised by him. The novelty of the practice has left American lawyers without experience in Bankruptcy cases, and Mr. James has, therefore, endeavored to supply the practitioner with a treatise on the subject upon which he may confidently rely. His experience as one of the Commissioners for the amendment of the English Bankruptcy Law, and as an extensive London practitioner in Bankruptcy cases, has peculiarly fitted him for the task. The author has also endeavored, by the adoption of a clear and untechnical style, to render the work a guide to the merchant and the layman.

. HARPER & BROTHERS will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States on receipt of \$3 50.

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PARIS.
THE GREAT EXPOSITION.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Subscribers to THE ROUND TABLE, and others visiting Europe, are informed that that journal can be as regularly and safely transmitted through the Mails as at home.

The Ocean Postage will in all cases be prepaid at the Office.

As a large number of the regular readers of THE ROUND TABLE will now pass some time in Europe, it is hoped that their interest in the publication will be continued, and that they will take measures to secure its regular reception during their absence.

The Parisian Correspondence of the paper will shortly begin to appear, and, it is hoped, will prove highly interesting and valuable for perusal both at home and abroad.

All enquiries, subscriptions, etc., will receive prompt and undeviating attention if addressed to the Office,

132 Nassau Street, New York.

TO EUROPEAN ADVERTISERS.

English and French Advertisements for THE ROUND TABLE will be received, and all requisite information given, by the Advertising Agents of the Journal in London, Messrs. ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59 Fleet Street, E. C.

Messrs. LEYPOLDT & HOLT,
 451 BROOME ST., NEW YORK,
 WILL PUBLISH ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17,
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 FOR APRIL, 1867.
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For Interest and Rents, 193,816 74
For Interest and Rents accrued, 30,671 06 \$1,710,635 40

DISBURSEMENTS:

Paid Claims by Death on Policies and Bonus, and Payment of Annuities, \$316,287 66
Paid Expenses, Salaries, Taxes, Revenue Stamps, Medical Examiner's Fees, Commissions, etc., 215,607 55
Paid Dividends, Reinsurance, Purchased Policies and Bonus, Interest on Dividends, etc., 194,894 15 \$736,789 36

ASSETS:

Cash in Bank and on hand, \$36,512 18
Bonds and Mortgages, 532,180 00
Loans on Policies in force, 1,376,335 23
(The actuarial estimate of the value of the policies which secure these notes is about \$1,700,000.)
United States and New York State Stocks, 609,508 25
Quarterly and semi-annual Premiums deferred, and Premiums and Interest in course of collection and transmission, 498,829 41
Temporary Loans on Stocks and Bonds, 371,339 63
(Market value of the securities, \$499,116.)
Interest accrued to date, and all other property, 101,172 89
Total, \$3,525,877 64

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SURPLUS, 161,591 61
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